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FEBRUARY 15, 1956

Vol. 23, No. 7

PASS THE WITCHETTS

WE read with fascinated interest the other day that witchetty grubs "soaked in sweet wine and grilled" are to be served in Melbourne next November at a dinner for Olympic athletes. The dinner is to be held in a lion's cage.

Witchetty grubs as a gimmick on a menu don't move us to the same outraged nationalism as they moved some other citizens. We've heard indignant snorts about "making a fool of Australia"—pretending to visitors that eating grubs in lions' cages is a national habit.

Playing the country down seems to be a peculiar characteristic of Australians.

The recent Australia Day broadcast on the B.B.C. was a fair sample. Filled with slang of a kind most Australians have never heard, let alone used, it presented the inhabitants of this country as a bunch of half-witted yahoos.

That English listeners might take this self-satirising as sober truth didn't seem to occur to the talented, and undoubtedly loyal, Australians who presented the programme.

Maybe such self-deprecation isn't such a bad thing, though. It's generally less tedious to listen to than national boastings about "know-how" and such. And it certainly doesn't mean that Australians aren't patriotic.

In fact, it seems only fair to warn Olympic visitors right now about the dangers of taking the great Australian art of leg-pulling at its face value.

Any poor innocent athlete who thinks that the ordeal of nibbling a witchetty grub—grilled, baked, or au naturel—entitles him to say his say about any defects he sees in Australia would be wise never to leave that lion's cage.

He'll probably find he'll be safer there—lions, grubs, and all—than he would be among the savage citizens outside.

Our cover:

● This lovely seaside study was taken by Mr. G. Hoskin, of Elwood, Victoria, at Carrum, a bay-side suburb of Melbourne. The little boy in the foreground is Mr. Hoskin's two-year-old son, Peter.

This week:

● In this issue we announce a new weekly contest. Entries will be anecdotes to illustrate those often-heard remarks "That just like a woman" or "That's just like a man." From Anne Matheson, covering the Royal visit to Nigeria, comes a story showing that these comments are made in every language. His Highness the Oba Adeniji Adele II, prince pal chief of Lagos, told Anne that he had great trouble with his five wives, all of whom wished to meet the Queen. "I wanted to take my favorite wife and present her," he said, "but the others were jealous."

"Wives No. 1 and No. 2 were jealous of each other," Anne reports. "Wives No. 3 and No. 4 dropped out of the squabble. Fortunately there was no place on the dais for any more, so the Oba resolved his domestic problems by inducing his favorite to stay home with his three-week-old baby and disposing of wives 1 and 2 in the seats among important guests."

● While our Grace Kelly story has been running in the paper (the final instalment appears on page 15) there has been some argument among the staff on the charms of Prince Rainier. One section judged from his pictures that he was not sufficiently handsome. Miss Kelly's attractions, these critics contended, were so great and so widely publicised that she could have secured an even more sensational prize in the matrimonial market. However, one member of the staff came back ecstatic from a newsreel in which the Prince spoke. "But he's wonderful," she said. "Positively Marlon Brando." Than which, currently, there is no higher praise.

Next week:

● Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lucke and their quads have moved to a 12-acre pineapple farm at Gooburrum, near Bundaberg. The cover and two pages of color pictures show them in their new surroundings.

● A four-page homemaker section illustrates homes designed to suit the needs of a young family. Color pictures prove how attractive such a house can be.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

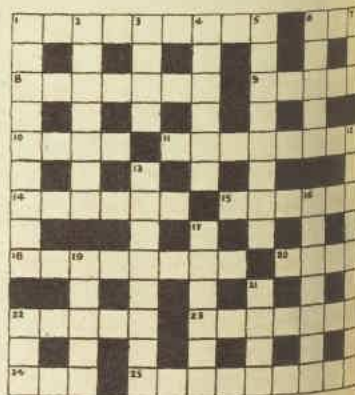
ACROSS

- Counter-strokes. At once, Str! (8).
- It's worth a shilling, even if you turn it (2).
- To glut; there is a sea at it (7).
- Heaped together with a broken lie in the centre (5).
- Unusual and possibly half-cooked (4).
- Noisy disturbance outwardly fed-up obtained on loan (8).
- This file is a single one (6).
- Birds or turned receptacles (6).
- This charm could be a rose (8).
- Decline in price a story of heroic adventure (4).
- Wireless short announcement in a Spanish river (3).
- More toothsome (7).
- Heavy weight not applicable to a champion (3).
- Vexed by ten red Tom (8).

Solution will be published next week.

CATON METAILS
U M M R M M A
P I M P E R N E L L
S A L T A O N A T O
E A S C A R F M M
D R Y R O T S A M P L E
B B B B P
A B I D E S A L L O W S
S I L R O U S E S
T I L T W P E T N A
E S I D E V I E W S
D R E E
S H E E P S H E A R E R S

Solution of last week's crossword.



DOWN

- A train in rest showing full control (9).
- Changed a red tale (7).
- Public vehicle turns into auction-room (4).
- No robe could fit this king (6).
- It's certainly not a subordinate lake (8).
- Downstairs with an outside curve (3).
- Offer the back of a sheep's knuckle-bone (3).
- These troubled pairs indeed were hopeless (9).
- An official document may serve father's fun (6).
- Member of a poetical school whom you find the essence of a question (7).
- Easy gallop which leads to famous cathedral city (6).
- Welched down with the French treat (5).
- This is the French place surrounded by water (4).
- Traitor on the back of a rail (3).



Paul watched in surprise as Miss Sayles whispered urgently: "He's in the Chief's office right now. Arno, I'm scared for you."

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

The Golden Journey

Instalment two of a 5-part romantic serial

NEXT day Paul received a telephone call from Johnny Bovard.

"Oh, I say, Devereux, my father tells me you're going to do this Memorial Day speech for us! I've been kicking up the dust about that, so I'm enormously relieved. Listen, could we meet somewhere and talk it over? Would lunch be easiest?"

"I believe it would. I could make it tomorrow."

"Fine! Shall we say one o'clock at the Down Town? I'll be in the lobby. Nondescript little guy. You can't miss me."

Paul liked him on sight and, oddly enough, recognised him from his own description. He did not have either his father's height or his handsome features, but there was a pleasant radiation of good health and good spirits about him. When they were seated

and had ordered, Johnny began at once.

"You see, Devereux, this speech is my idea and it means a lot to me. Some day, I'm supposed to inherit the business and I'm trying to learn it from the ground up." He smiled. "No humor intended. I'm studying the people, too. I'm trying to make friends with them. My theory is there needn't be an eternal conflict between capital and labor, but I can see how it's all come about." He leaned nearer.

"Though I have a great admiration for my father in most things I know that if there weren't an organised union those hunkies out there in our mines wouldn't have a leg to stand on. These coal operators aren't in business for their health. They're out to make money—and they should up to a point—but if they hadn't been so greedy years ago, there wouldn't have been any unions now. Wouldn't have needed them. That's

not such an original statement, but funny thing is you seldom hear it nowadays."

"May I ask if you're a Socialist?" Paul put in.

Johnny grinned. "No, I'm just an ordinary guy, trying to figure things out. I had a crazy idea the other day. Utterly loony. But just suppose once in a while when business has been good we as operators would go to the unions and suggest we give a raise before they asked for it? We'd get the drop on them for once, wouldn't we?"

He stroked his chin wistfully.

"But try to get my Dad to see that one! Well, now let's talk about the speech. I hope you don't think I'm completely screwball," he added earnestly.

Paul laughed. "Quite the contrary. I'm more interested than you think. Your father gave me a general idea of what you want me to say."

"No, that's just it. I know what he wants, but it's not quite what I want. His idea is just a lot of nice hot air with a few allusions to the employer as the Big White Papa. Now what I have in mind is different. You see—I just happen to believe heart and

soul in the future of America. I know it gets a little muddy and messy round the edges, but what doesn't? At the core it's sound. You agree?"

"I agree."

"Well, you know there's plenty of loose talk going round. Now more than ever. So I'd like you to talk about America in a way they've maybe never heard of before. Oh . . . in War Two, I suppose?"

Paul nodded. "Infantry. Europe."

"I was in the Marines in the Pacific. One day at Bougainville when things were pretty rugged, I thought I was going off my rocker. Thinking about home, about America as it is, didn't do any good when I was wading knee deep in jungle mud with snipers pot-shooting at me. All at once I thought of the stories I'd heard of my great-great-grandparents. They were pioneers. I suppose yours were too?"

Paul nodded assent.

"Well, I thought of them. Young like me when the Indians burned the cabin they'd built with their own hands, fired their cornfield, brained their baby against a tree under their eyes. And what did they do? They

To page 40

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On the other side of the world he had dreamed ceaselessly
of his lost love and now he had come to find her.

DIVIDING LINE

A romantic story by M. C. HIGGS

THIS was my first visit to England, and the April weather was doing its utmost to live up to my boyhood conception of it. Brilliant sunshine lit up the landscape at one moment, then down tumbled the rain at the next. The Devonshire countryside was wonderfully pretty—no wonder Uncle Tom had fallen in love with it years and years ago and had so much wanted to come back.

Poor old chap—he was too shaky to have travelled by himself—his heart isn't what it might be. He was wounded in World War I and has never been any too strong since. So when he heard that his nephew was intending to do a couple of years teaching in England before finally settling down in New Zealand, he begged to be allowed to go along.

"Just a fancy I have," he had said.

Sitting on deck one night on the voyage he had confided to me what his fancy was. "He had spent six months as a young soldier in a convalescent home in a beautiful old Devonshire manor house, where the atmosphere of England at its best seemed to have crept into his very bones.

There was a girl, of course. (I had often wondered why Uncle Tom had never married.)

She was the daughter of the house and had remained with her parents in one wing of it, while the rest was turned over to the soldiers. "She was only twenty and a beauty," said Uncle Tom. There is something about a long voyage that impels confidence and intimacy. I must say I gained a fresh respect and admiration for the old chap as he told his story.

"But didn't you even ask her to marry you?" I inquired curiously, at length, when the flow of reminiscence seemed to have dried up.

There was a long pause.

"How could I?" he said at length. "She was only a child, and an Honorable at that, and her father was a real old grandee. I was a raw soldier without a bean—a colonial (they still used the word then)—and I felt it would be taking advantage of all their kindness to me. I was an invalid, too—it might have been ages before I was really strong again."

"Sounds like an old-world novelette," I remarked, disappointed.

"Oh, I know things have changed completely now—what I meant to do was to go back home, get established, get really well, and then propose to her when she was of age. I thought we could write to each other in the meantime."

"But it didn't work out like that?"

"No."

He stuffed his pipe with tobacco and took his time over lighting it again.

"It was an April day, and she was in the orchard when I went to find her to say goodbye. She came to meet me through the trees—you can laugh at me for a sentimental old donkey—I shan't worry. Her face—she was so eager—I know now that she loved me—but there was that English pride, too ..."

Again he was silent. You can't hurry people when they are old. I waited.

"I held myself rigidly in control, I had to, but I suppose I sounded horribly formal as I said goodbye. Her eyes were very bright, but she would

have died rather than let the tears fall. I muttered inadequately and stumbled clumsily away."

"But you wrote?"

"Of course. My idea was something like the advertisements, I suppose—'Friendship with a view to matrimony.' She despised such caution, I imagine. She never replied."

"Why didn't you go back later on?"

"Well, my wound freshened up again when I got home, and I was in and out of hospital for quite a while. Then farming turned out to be too strenuous for me, so I had to go into business. Later the depression came and smashed everything. So I never made it ... In any case, I picked up an English magazine in the library one day and there was a picture of her wedding—an officer in the Guards. Lord Hart-Maxwell."

I rose uncomfortably from my deck-chair and leant on the rail for a while. Poor Uncle Tom. Wasn't there some tag about peace having its heroes as well as war?

"Anyway, I'm comfortably off now," he said cheerfully, getting up and standing beside me—he is very tall and upright still. "So I thought I'd like to stroll through those Devonshire lanes again and have a look at the old place, you know."

He put his tobacco pouch back into his pocket. "Keep all your warmest things handy," he advised as we turned to go below. "April can be devilishly cold."

I got him comfortable accommodation at a country hotel in a village not far from Exeter. From his window he could see a pleasant vista of picturesque old street and church tower. Fortunately, a straggle of suburban villas and factories that disfigured what had once been ancient meadows and farmlands was out of sight. The manor house, he told me, was only a matter of a couple of miles away, but I advised him to rest for a day or two before doing any exploring.

He wasn't very well—the long journey had tired him, I think, and, also, the weather was extremely changeable. In the meantime, I got hold of a second-hand car, as I wanted to do some touring myself and be able to give the old chap a lift when he felt able to begin to get about. I had a great desire now that this trip of his shouldn't turn out a failure.

I was naturally rather curious about the manor house after hearing his story, so I thought I would go and have a look at it myself and see if any of its ancient glamor and charm remained or if Uncle Tom was in for a disappointment which would make him wish he had kept his dream unspoilt.

It was a warm day, the rain still fell at intervals, but in between the showers the sky was limpid and there was a delicious freshness and feeling of spring in the air. Uncle Tom would find many of the old landmarks gone, I feared, so much new building defaced the countryside.

I was scarcely in the car before a fresh deluge fell, and I could hardly see as I drove off through the village and the surrounding suburban belt. About a mile from the hotel, however, there was a dividing line on the road such as one sometimes sees in New Zealand, too—on one side of it the road was wet and the rain still fell; on the other it was dry and one was in the sunshine again.

I felt as though I had crossed the line into new territory as I drove forward. The road had narrowed into a lane that wound between tall hedges, and there were primroses thickly clustered on the banks below them.

There was a sweetness in the air and a clearness that seemed to clarify one's mind into a fresh perception, and as the nesting birds sang and dived into the hedgerows they seemed to acquire almost a poetic joyousness, innocence, and delight.

I had strayed into Arcady, it seemed, and I understood now why Uncle Tom had always wanted to return and to recapture for a little while the sense of springtime and youth and love.

I suppose I could not have chosen a better moment to come upon the manor house—there it lay, a building of gently weathered stone, ageless and perfect; a jewel in a setting of russet and green and pale petals.

There was a neat lodge by the great wrought-iron gates, and a man was working in the garden. I noticed he wore old-fashioned corduroys tied around the knees with cord. I called out a greeting to him, but although he glanced in my direction he appeared to look straight through me. He was either being very English and reserved or else he was stone deaf. Perhaps he just couldn't be bothered answering. Anyhow, it didn't matter. I went through the little side-gate and walked up the drive. I could, I thought, ask whether visitors were allowed; after all, the owners of most of these old mansions nowadays were very glad of the money brought in by tourists. But these people didn't appear to be struggling to make ends meet. The grounds were perfectly kept.

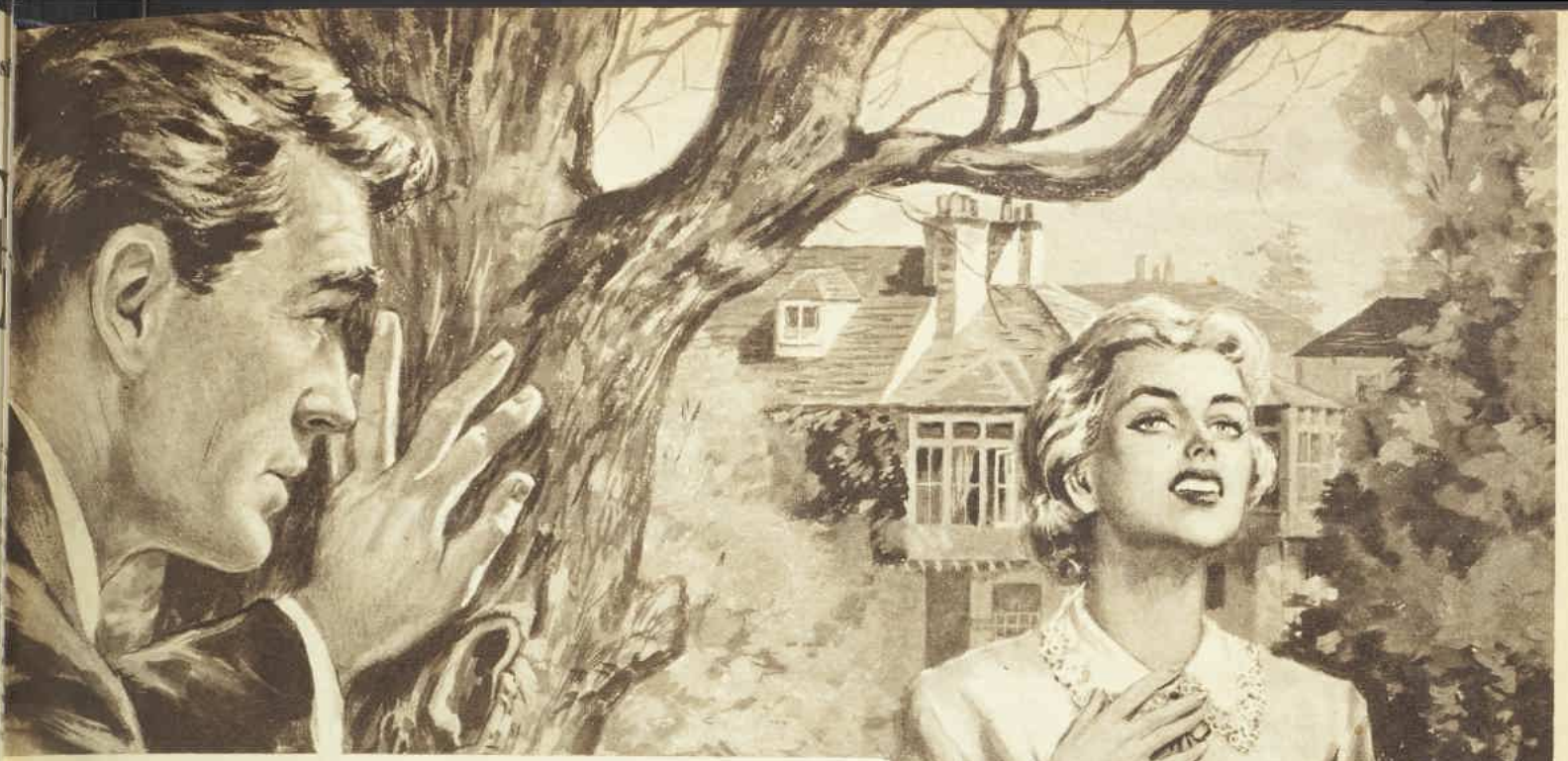
I rang the front-door bell—rather like my check, but I thought they wouldn't mind when I explained about Uncle Tom and how he would like to see the old place again. They might ask him to tea, perhaps.

But nobody answered, so I did what we always do at home and went round to the back. I passed through a door in a high red-brick wall—brick that seemed to have soaked up the sunshine of hundreds of years—and found myself in a beautiful kitchen garden.

Everything was in perfect order. Peach trees were trained against the high walls, with the spreadeagled boughs of nectarines and apricots; there was a mellow atmosphere of age and husbandry—here was a garden where for generations baskets of rich fruits and vegetables had been brought to the kitchen door to be dealt with by successive rosy-cheeked cooks and merry, flirtatious kitchen maids, who would exchange badinage with the garden boy.

I passed through the door on the opposite side of the garden and came out into the orchard. My heart quickened a beat as I realised that I was standing not far, at any rate, from the spot where Uncle Tom had bidden his love that last, pitiful farewell.

He was quite right. April in the orchard was a delicious time, with the sun slanting through the trees and a scattering of tiny daffodils in the grass.



I heard a quick footstep coming from the kitchen garden, and someone slipped through the door and passed quite close to me. I was standing very still by the massive trunk of an old tree, and she did not notice me as she passed.

It was a young girl. Did Lady Hart-Maxwell live here still and was this one of her daughters or granddaughters? Or did Devonshire always produce these lovely young creatures with their English complexions and clear blue eyes? What hair she had—the true golden, story-book curls in a kind of clustered arrangement at the back. Her dress was rather old-fashioned in style, but somehow it seemed to my masculine mind to accord perfectly with the timeless April beauty of the orchard.

I was more than ever anxious now that Uncle Tom should come back here. Perhaps in this young girl he might see something that would remind him of his own lost love. Certainly the place was completely unspoiled still; nothing would shatter his dream.

There was a stile at the other end of the orchard, leading to a meadow. The girl was hastening towards it, and suddenly she saw someone coming, concealed from me by the hedge at the side of the stile.

Such a lovely look of welcoming love lit up and transfigured her face as made me feel suddenly a spy and an interloper. What right had I to intrude on her privacy and to watch her when she thought she was alone? Yet, for a moment more, I lingered. I could not help it. Through the boughs I could still see her with hands outstretched. Then she was caught up into the arms of a tall and eager figure, and I turned and crept silently back through the door into the kitchen garden.

They hadn't seen me, thank goodness. My heart was strangely light, however, as I went back to the car. I had a sense of peace and satisfaction quite out of proportion to the trivial incident I had just witnessed.

Quite apart from Uncle Tom and his memories I was glad that I had caught the atmosphere of

the old place for myself—it would be something I should always treasure and remember. I felt sure, too, that these people would be kind to the old chap when he came. There would be no disillusionment or disappointment in store for him.

The weather was still playing extraordinary tricks. Once again as I drove up the lane I came to the dividing line and left the sunshine, to return into heavy rain. Suburban villas and petrol pumps were about me once more. Arcady was behind me, but its sunshine and beauty remained on my spirit like a blessing.

Tea was the next thing—a proper country tea with muffins, if possible, hot and buttery. Uncle Tom would be wondering where I had got to.

The manager of the hotel was hovering anxiously about as I went in—obviously looking out for me.

Could I come into the office for a moment, he asked abruptly. He closed the door softly and offered me a chair and a cigarette. What on earth was wrong?

"The old gentleman—" he began. "You knew he had a weak heart—"

Uncle Tom was ill. I sensed it instantly. I rose swiftly to my feet.

He pushed me gently back again.

"He's dead," he said quietly. "He was sitting in his chair by the fire. I took the tea up myself. Maggie—the girl—was out . . . I've never seen a gentleman look more peaceful—almost a smile, you might say, on his face."

I lit my cigarette very slowly and carefully.

"The manor house," I managed to say at last. "He wanted so much to see it again. He came all the way from New Zealand on purpose."

"Well, perhaps he was spared, like, then," said the man. "Jerry unloaded a bomb right on the old house way back in 1943. Direct hit. Lady Hart-Maxwell was the only one there, poor thing. She had inherited the place when her brother was killed. She loved the old manor,

she did indeed, poor lady. Her husband was always up in town—people said the marriage wasn't any too happy, and they had no children."

"Then they rebuilt it, I suppose," I said, speaking with difficulty.

"Rebuilt it? No fear. Stuck a beastly factory there—nylons and suchlike. Looks awful, too. Seems a shame, you know."

I rose to my feet, still moving slowly and carefully, and said I had better go upstairs.

The ancient grey tower of the village church was silhouetted against a brilliant bank of cumulus cloud as I passed the landing window. Uncle Tom should be buried beneath it, in the countryside where his heart had dwelt for so long.

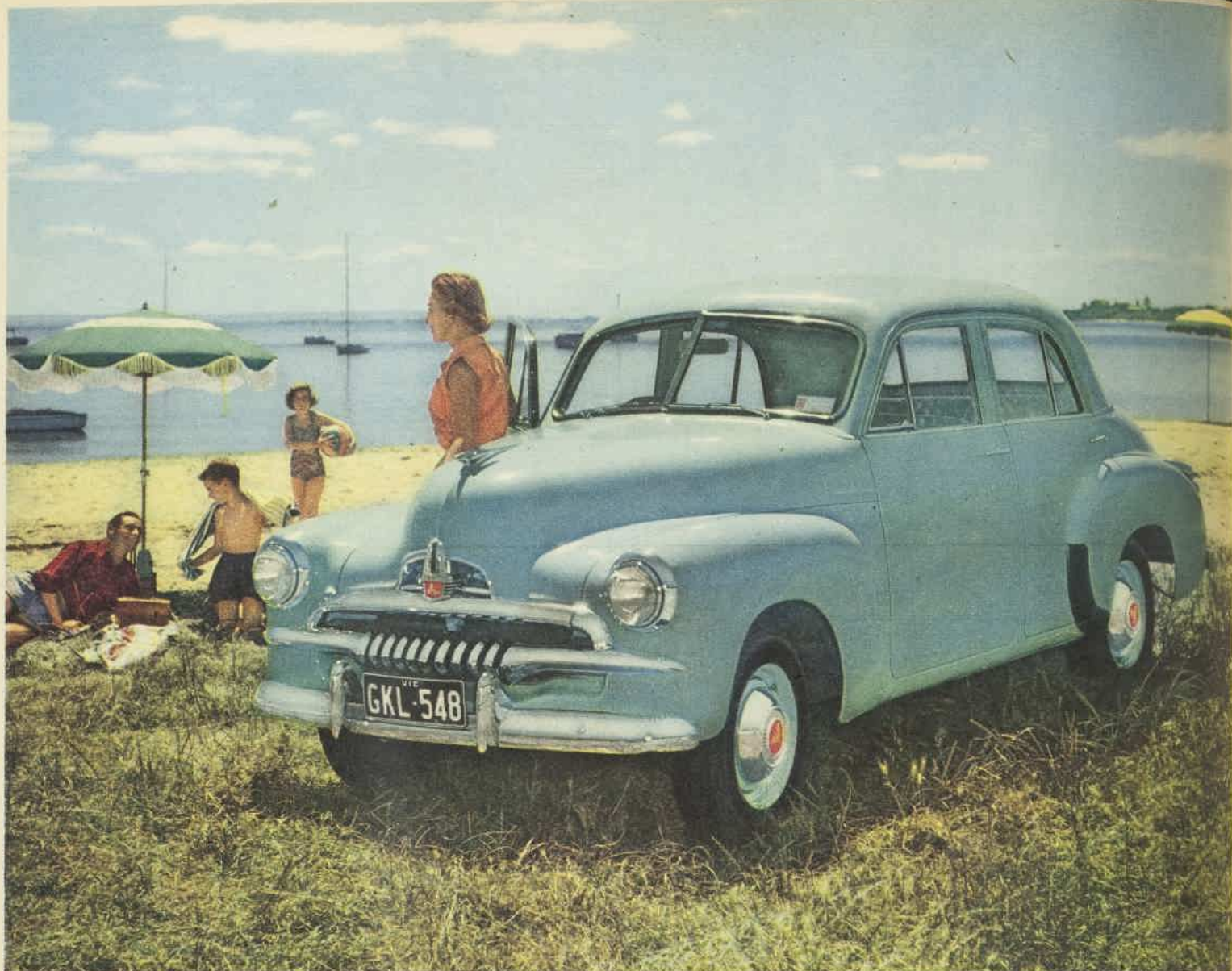
He had found his Arcady at last, dear old chap. It doesn't worry me in the least that people will probably disbelieve me completely when I tell them about my strange experiences that afternoon.

One thing I am completely certain of, and that is that Uncle Tom had died just at that moment when the welcoming figure had crossed the orchard, and that in the beauty of the April sunshine and the glory of the spring they had found the heaven which they had longed for and awaited so long.

(Copyright)

It was obvious the girl saw someone coming towards her, for her face lit up with a lovely look of welcome as she hurried past me.

ILLUSTRATED
BY
LASKIE



The sparkling good looks of Holden

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 15, 1956

A short story complete on this page

BY TAYLOR CALDWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Mother Flaherty's Piano



The shiny grand piano—her foolish and beautiful gift to her ragged children—was a symbol of the life they should have.

I WAS lunching with a friend some months ago when a handsome, middle-aged man, very distinguished and assured, came up to me.

"Why, hello, Flaherty!" I exclaimed.

"Jeff—that's my name, remember?" he asked and sat down.

"We've known each other since we were right," I explained to my friend. "And now he's a barrister!"

Flaherty and I recalled old times and our schooldays together and we complimented each other on our individual successes and applauded each other for having risen out of "underprivileged" backgrounds. Then Flaherty mentioned his dead mother with deep love and said: "Why don't you write something about Mother—she deserves it, God bless her."

I gave him my promise that I would, and this is the story of Mary Flaherty and her children, a story of faith and courage and high

hearts and "something to live up to."

We all lived in what present sociologists would describe as "utterly unpromising and hopeless circumstances"—tiny houses on a small street, crowded and dusty.

We had a wonderful time, poor though we were. A new pair of shoes was a glowing event; a new coat was a miracle; we advertised a joint for dinner and preened ourselves in joy. A weekly penny was a fortune.

We worked in our homes, doing all sorts of odd jobs after school, and we played hard afterwards, and we talked about all the marvellous things we would do when we grew up.

The Flaherty children, all eight of them, were the loudest and most vehement of us all. We were terribly poor, but the Flahertys were the poorest.

For Joe Flaherty was the scandal of the neighborhood. He worked at a local granary as a day laborer,

receiving £3 a week. And he drank it up on pay-day or bet it on horses. In any event, his family received little or nothing from him. So Mrs. Flaherty would rise at five, get breakfast for her large brood, wash them, scold them lovingly, and send them off to school.

Then, with smiling cheer, she would go off—on foot—to do laundry in the fine houses some five miles away and come back with wondrous stories of furniture and huge cars and "all the trappings."

The Flaherty house was the smallest in our neighborhood and where the ten of them slept we never knew. Probably on the floor. There were only two beds in the house.

There was never enough food, never enough clothing, never enough schoolbooks, and never enough chairs. Our parents called it "a disgrace to the street" and wondered how Mary Flaherty and her children could be so gay.

The Flaherty children lived in happy disorder. They played truant from school, and were always in some difficulty or other with school authorities or neighbors. The priest could do nothing with them. They were insolent, ragged, and dirty.

There was one thing the Flahertys had in common, a profound love for music. You would see them, Mary and Joe and the eight children, racing out on a Saturday afternoon to stand about a hurdy-gurdy, enraptured.

Only one family on our street, a bookkeeper's family, could afford a piano, and the Flaherty children naturally ingratiated themselves with that family. Jenny, at twelve, learned to play like an angel by ear, and her brothers and sisters would huddle about her in that neat bookkeeper's front room singing at the top of their Irish voices. To the Flahertys a piano was a symbol of nobility and joy.

One night, Joe, the father, did not come home. He had been fatally injured at work.

One of Mary's employers, a lawyer, saved him from a pauper's grave. On Mary's behalf he sued the company and collected £500.

In Mary's eyes and in the eyes of all of us that was a fortune. She would put the money in the bank, of course.

But Mary had other ideas. First of all, she provided for Masses for her husband's soul. Then she had her little house patched and the fence repaired. And then, to the horror of the whole neighborhood, she bought the grandest piano in the world and set it in the midst of her deplorable "parlor."

It was a scandal. The destitute and ragged Flahertys—and a grand piano. I remember so clearly seeing the bereaved family clustered about its brilliant mahogany presence, touching it reverently, their faces like the sun itself. And most clearly of all I remember Mary's dark and vivid little face, proud and glowing. When Jenny began to play and the children sang, Mary sobbed with happiness.

"Sure and it's the lovely thing it is," she wept. "A gift from Heaven itself. And now we have something to live up to at last."

Even Mary's few friends were outraged and wouldn't speak to her. "Hardly a rag between them and the naked air," our parents would say, "but they have a piano, a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound piano! And a red plush mahogany stool when there isn't a sound chair in the whole house."

The priest chided Mary sternly for her foolishness; an officious neighbor sent round agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Mary drove them off roundly, her little body all indignant, her hands flying with anger.

"It's not askin' you for bread we are!" she shouted. "And never shall we ask for bread!"

Each day she would walk to her work and she would walk home briskly, as lively as a cricket, as bustling as a bee. And each night the little house would shake with music and we would listen.

And then we noticed a change among the Flahertys. They walked proudly, remembering the glorious piano in their parlor. Jeff and one of his brothers suddenly acquired paper rounds. One of the boys worked after school delivering groceries from a local shop. Jenny looked after local children for three shillings a week, which she promptly dropped into an old cocoa tin.

The boys swept paths, cut grass, ran errands. The little girls did odd jobs in the neighborhood. During the summer Jeff and two of his brothers found themselves work in factories and shops and mills.

Their rags disappeared and were replaced by cheap but neat clothing. The girls combed their long black hair and washed religiously.

The boys repaired the little house, scrubbed its windows. Then they cleaned up the garden. They even painted the house.

People stopped laughing at the Flahertys and stopped shaking their heads. "They've come to their senses at last," they would remark.

Mary and the children would polish the piano every Saturday until it glowed brighter and richer through the months, and then through the years. It stood there, a symbol of pride and accomplishment and it was the heart of the family.

A way was found to provide Jenny with music lessons. The children worked harder. The teachers were delighted. The Flahertys for the first time were distinguishing themselves at school.

Jeff was presented with a medal for diligence and good marks. He won a university scholarship, then

studied law. He passed his examinations with honors and entered a lawyer's office.

Jenny, a fine pianist at 18, began to give lessons in the fabulous houses five miles away, and her mother, scrubbing clothes in the basements of those same houses, would stop and listen to her, crying with delight. Then Jenny won a music scholarship and went away for study.

The other children came along, too. Walter studied for the priesthood. Annie entered a teacher's college. Little Joe decided to be an architect. Jimmy was going to be a doctor. George, like Jeff, was to be a lawyer. And lovely little Maggie became a teaching nun.

And Mary? She was old the day Jimmy received his medical degree: old when she kissed Maggie goodbye. She no longer washed in the great houses now. The little house had grown, thanks to Little Joe, who was Big Joe these days, and a rising young architect.

No one, not even Mary's beloved children, could persuade her to move. She had the piano and the piano must be kept where it stood and it must be constantly polished, always ready for the children.

Annie, the teacher, lived with her. The others were married or away at their work.

One morning Annie found her mother lying, smiling in death, on the sofa in the front room, right next to the piano. Some time during the night she must have known her time had come and she crept from her bedroom to look her last on the wonderful thing she had given her children.

"Yes," said Flaherty gently in that restaurant. "She was the best and noblest of mothers. She knew what so few of us know these days, that children must have something to live up to. Some of them have a name, some have position, some have traditions of success in the family."

"But we had our piano and it was all these others and more. It was also faith and courage and pride. After all, we couldn't let the piano down, could we? It expected so much of us!"

The piano still sings in Jenny's flat when she comes home from her concert tours. And there is not a holiday when at least a few of the "terrible Flahertys" do not return to look at it, sing round it, and touch it reverently.

I am sure that they see Mary Flaherty's worn but always glowing face and can hear her voice joining their own in song.

(Copyright)



The Skipper was a

NOW and then a man is lucky and he finds a place like that. It's been there all the time, but he just didn't know it. Like Rinaldo Harbor. Oscar Lardner hadn't ever heard about it. Not until he saw this dirt road, lined by tall, majestic eucalyptus trees. Something made him turn his rented car there. Maybe he saw water glistening and had to drive that way. When he came out into the clear September sunlight, there it was.

He didn't slam the car door. He got out and closed it gently. Then he stood there on the old wharf, small wind rustling all the eucalyptus branches at his back. That's how he saw it for the first time, up near Point San Pablo, over on the Richmond side.

Nine battered old steam schooners, bare-ribbed wooden relics of the West Coast lumber trade, sat in the mud in two converging bulkhead lines to form a water basin and a narrow channel opening on San Francisco Bay. There weren't any yachtsmen anywhere. It wasn't meant for Sunday-sailor trade. Rinaldo Harbor was a place for working-boats.

So Lardner stood there, glint of pleasure in his quiet eyes. He saw the harbor gulls, all perched along the bulkhead hulks and mewling. And he saw the pelican. It stood web-footed on the cabin top of a salmon boat, below him at the float. It looked lugubriously expectant, clumsy beak tipped sidewise towards a big purse seiner moored across the way, deck oddly spotless and bereft of nets and working gear.

Lardner smiled. He walked slowly to the little coffee shop. He was still smiling his pleasure at this place when he came out with a sandwich on a paper plate and a bottle of ice-cold beer. He was sitting astride the bench beside the wooden table on the wharf, the sandwich halfway to his mouth, when he heard a voice cry out. It was a girl's voice. It was startling.

"No!" it cried. "Don't eat it, Oscar! Please don't—" The low contralto trailed off in a wail.

Lardner's head turned quickly. He was asking, "Well, for heaven's sake, why not? It isn't poisoned, is it?"

And the girl's voice moaned, "My lunch!"

"Your lunch? Why—"

He stopped short. From the cockpit of the salmon boat the girl was brandishing a crescent wrench at the cabin top and at the pelican. The large, ungainly bird, its pouch retracted, took

two waddling steps to move just out of reach, eyeing her solemnly while the lunch she mourned went floating in a soggy cardboard box in oily water past the boat float.

"Oscar," the girl warned, waving her wrench again, "some day I'll brain you! Tame or not!"

"Please don't," Lardner grinned at her. He couldn't help it. "I'm not really tame at all. And I didn't have anything to do with it."

She spun around, looking up. She saw him for the first time. A dark kerchief, turbaned about her head, missed strands of honey-colored hair. In spite of the denim working-jeans, he was sure she had fine legs. Her eyes were flashing at him.

"I don't like strangers poking their noses into—"

"Then you shouldn't yell at them."

"I wasn't yelling!" She sounded very angry. Her eyes were green. "I was talking to Oscar here. The pelican. He—"

"My name happens to be Oscar, too."

"Oh," she said, and a little of the green fire left her eyes. "Oh."

He was sure she intended to say more. A loud guffaw prevented her. It came from the waist of the purse seiner over across the float, where a big man, boisterous with laughter, yachting cap pushed far back on his head, was reaching for another piece of sardine bait.

On the salmon boat the pelican stirred expectantly. The big man flipped the small fish towards it. The bird, ungainly on the cabin top, made slapping steps, wings half extended, the morsel curving in the air. Then the paunchy bill thrust out just in time, slapped shut with one loud clacking sound.

"What a funny bird is the pelican; its beak holds more than its belly can!" The big man's raucous laughter boomed again. "Helen," he called across the float, "I guess your sandwich box got in Oscar's way the other time."

The girl said nothing. She was furious. And the next thing Lardner knew, she was climbing the steps to the little wharf.

She came walking towards him, saying, "Gus Rinaldo's got to have his fun!" Then anger left her, and her voice was slow. "I'm sorry I yelled at you. I feel terrible, that's all." She sat down on the bench across the narrow table from him. "You wouldn't be a salmon troller, Oscar, would you? You wouldn't be looking for a job?"

"No. Helen, I wouldn't. I never even knew this place was here till I saw the sign at the dirt-road crossing. I drove in to look. It's fine."

"It was. Till old Rinaldo died. He built this place. He was a sardine man. He paid fair shares. Nobody was ashamed to work for Dominic Rinaldo. That's his son, big Gus. Got mortgages on all the fish boats. He knows how to squeeze them. Just inside the law. If he had to earn his living against honest competition, Gus would starve."

"Look at that fine purse seiner! The Dominic used to be the old man's pride. All her working gear stripped clean now. Party boat? That!" She made a grimace of distaste. "A working-boat must earn its keep. I wish he'd leave us be."

"You mean you own that salmon boat yourself?"

"The Laura B? No. My brother owns her. Harry Blanchard named her for his wife. Laura's in the hospital. First baby and some trouble. And Harry's in the Navy, in a fleet destroyer off Japan. He gave me power of attorney."

Lardner looked across the narrow table at her. She was brushing honey-colored hair back from her temple. Absently she reached for half his sandwich on the paper plate. "The Laura B isn't a commercial fish boat," she murmured. "Chinooks are running outside. I take salmon sportsmen past Mile Rock and hunt them."

"You?"

"Certainly!" He pushed the chilled beer towards her. Nodding absent thanks, she reached for the other half of his sandwich. "I gave them breakfast, lunch, and beer. They—" All at once she realised what she'd been doing. Aghast, she looked down at the empty paper plate. "Oh, my gosh!" she gasped. "I've eaten up your—"

"My name's Oscar. Remember? Same as your tame pelican. Oscar Lardner." He grinned. "Oscar ruined your lunch. I guess I owe you mine."

"Thanks." Her voice was low. "I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel terrible, that's all. If I lose Harry's boat for him while he's away, I don't know what I'll do."

"Why should you?"

"Because everything is wrong." Maybe she felt she could tell a stranger things she'd say to no one else. "I had to have the hull scraped. Trouble with the engine cost me an overhaul. Rinaldo cut our troll gear three times off the

Farallon. I had to put a loan against the Laura B. The last note's due next week. I'll lose her for sure, if I don't meet it."

She pushed the paper plate aside. "Sport fishermen won't sail with only me aboard. They want a man for skipper in a salmon boat outside the Heads. That's how they are. I've got a party tomorrow, and I need their pay. If I can't sail, I'm sunk." She looked away. "And yesterday," she said, "my boatman, Louie, quit."

"Rinaldo?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. Gus wants to squeeze a boat, he sure knows how. He wants the Laura B. And Harry married the girl Gus wanted, too. Gus hates him. Gus knows how to hate."

"Hate doesn't always win."

Her head turned quickly. She was judging him. She was about to tell him something. She didn't. Gus Rinaldo stepped on to the wharf just then.

Towering above them, Gus was saying loudly, "Helen Blanchard sure got lots of friends."

The girl looked up. She made that frowning grimace of distaste. "Oh, go away," she said.

Rinaldo chuckled. He pulled his yachting cap down on one ear. "Harry wouldn't like it, Helen, all the friends you get while he's away."

Lardner's eyes were on him, and his voice was gentle. "I don't think I'd say that, Gus."

"Oh, Oscar, please!" The girl spoke quickly. "Gus can make the simplest words sound nasty. He enjoys it."

"Helen trains 'em fast." The big man laughed. His black eyes had no part in laughter, though. They sought out Lardner, glowering. "I don't know why she wants to run a sport boat, mister. Shapely blonde like her, she—"

"I wouldn't say that, either, Gus."

"I would—"

Gus Rinaldo didn't finish. He couldn't. Probably he didn't even see how Lardner suddenly came to his feet, how all in an instant his fist slashed out. Gus staggered backward. In a moment he'd be roaring, boring in. The girl alone prevented it. Leaping up, she stood between them.

"Not!" she cried. "Stop it! I won't have—"

"O.K." Big Gus stood glaring. "O.K. Helen. I told you once, I tell you now, Harry will never sail from Rinaldo."

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Dame

A fast-moving story
about a pretty girl
in distress.

By JACLAND
MARMUR

ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE

"Oh, go away, Gus," said the girl wearily, looking up at the big man in the yachting cap who was glaring at her.



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not previously published.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

MANY years ago I, a city girl, married a sheep farmer and went to live in the bush, 37 miles from the nearest town. My neighbors were few and scattered and life seemed a very dull affair. The house and I began to become neglected. Then I decided I would "make believe" I was having guests for Sunday dinner every week. Of course this necessitated doing the place out thoroughly, garnishing the food tastefully, and using all my best glory-box linen and china. My hair had to be set regularly, my skin attended to, and I wore my best clothes instead of letting them hang in the wardrobe until they became out of fashion. My husband naturally fell into step. We soon found we liked a style of gracious living and in no time every meal we ate was served in this elegant way. Life by then was so busy and so pleasant that boredom became a thing of the past; and I became a gracious hostess. My son boasts that he never had a careless, slap-happy meal in his childhood.

£1/1/- to "Mother" (name supplied), Scarborough, Qld.

WHEN my son was very young his speech was very clear and correct, but during the past two years he has grown progressively less well-spoken, despite good schoolteachers. When we remonstrate, he says, "But it really sounds much better, Mum," and will not be convinced otherwise. What chance have we parents and teachers against the outside influences at work? For example, is it necessary that the current object of children's hero-worship, Davy Crockett, should be forever "comin'", "goin'", "fightin'" — "Davy Crockett, the man who don't know fear!" To his fans he (and his like) speaks with more authority than parents or teachers.

10/6 to "Disturbed" (name supplied), Pascoe Vale W.3, Vic.

MUCH publicity seems to be given, and adversely at times, to mothers-in-law. I wonder how many readers agree with me when I say that quite often it is the daughter-in-law who is very trying. Ma-in-law gets criticism she does not always deserve. It is my humble opinion that if a woman truly loves her husband, she is always thankful and courteous to his parents. If there were no parents there would be no husband.

10/6 to D.L.L. (name supplied), Windsor, N.S.W.

WHAT is a minister of religion meant to preach? Surely it is religion and not things such as who to vote for in the next election, what is the cause of the high death rate on the roads, and other topics which have nothing in common with religion. When a minister makes a sermon in a church, what does he speak about? Of course it's not religion; it's either politics or some other such subject which should not be spoken of in a real church.

10/6 to P.A.C. (name supplied), Leongatha, Vic.

THERE should be some redress or compensation for women fooled by out-of-order public scales. Today stepped upon one. The needle tripped around coyly, pause at eight stone. I sighed deeply in pure ecstasy; at once the needle raced madly to stop at 20 stone. It is not right, fair.

10/6 to "Cast Down" (name supplied), Woonona, Vic.

Kitchen subterfuge

I HAVE had dozens of recipes given to me and have never found fault with any of them. "Cook" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 18/1/56) must have been unfortunate to the people she met who deliberately left out an important ingredient. One person who gave me many recipes and hints on how to cook regularly won prizes and exhibition with her cooking. Despite this she passed on recipes complete in every detail, giving them not only to me but to many other neighbors as well. I also have handed on many recipes and have never left out any ingredients, and I firmly believe there are few cooks who would resort to this mean trick.

10/6 to "Melissa" (name supplied), Woody Point, Qld.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WE found our old idea of handing out pocket-money once a week a failure. The children spent it in the first few days or we would forget to give the money to them. So my husband thought up the idea of ration cards. Each child made up a card with 52 squares on it with the date of a certain day each week in each square with the amount of his money. (Each child's pocket-money was raised each year according to his age.) They would then present the cards whenever they wanted money and have the corresponding "coupon" clipped off. They were never allowed to "overdraw," but could wait as long as they liked to draw. This came in very handy when birthday presents, etc., had to be bought.

£1/1/- to "Happy Family" (name supplied), Yarra Junction, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HEARD a girl say the other day that she was going to England.

"Are you flying?" a friend asked. "No fear," she said. "I don't want to miss out on those wonderful shipboard romances."

This girl touched on a serious defect of air travel compared with sea travel.

It doesn't give opportunities for love to bloom.

The main cause is lack of privacy.

On a Skymaster a young man has no chance of meeting wenches behind winches.

If two air passengers take a fancy to each other, all they can do is swap magazines.

Even honeymoon couples cannot get away by themselves.

Now and then a hostess asks them: "Is everything all right?"

The poor things nod wistfully and pretend it is.

French airlines, anyhow, have done something about the matter.

They are fitting their new planes with private two-berth "honeymoon lounges."

If the idea is popular, they may go one better and provide one-berth honeymoon lounges.

SEAT-BELT ROMANCE

These lounges should prove a boon to newlyweds.

And yet — I wonder whether the French experts have the air-honeymoon problem licked.

A honeymoon is supposed to be a joyous occasion.

The trouble is that high-altitude flying tends to make one drowsy, sluggish, and apathetic.

At the risk of seeming tactless, let us peep into the honeymoon lounge of a French airliner.

The bridegroom, in candy-striped pyjamas, is lying on the lower berth.

He is pale and dull-eyed. He is trying to read a magazine which he holds upside down.

The bride, in frothy nightwear, eyes him anxiously.

"Pierre, why you not tell me flyeeng makes you sick to ze stummeck?"

She rings for the air hostess.

"Mamzelle, please 'elp me! My 'usband ees airsececk. 'E ees, 'ow you say? Flat to ze boards — and on our 'oneymoon."

"Ah, my poor petite! I weell fix 'eem."

The hostess brings an oxygen mask, saying: "Put zis on 'eem, madame."

When the oxygen mask has been adjusted, the groom rapidly revives.

"Keess me, cherie!" he cries.

"But I cannot wiz zis pig-mask on, alors!"

He throws the mask off impulsively and takes her in his arms.

Oops! The plane bumps and both are thrown to the roof.

A light flashes on: FASTEN SEAT-BELTS.

Bride and groom groan and put on their dressing-gowns.

Then they rush from the honeymoon lounge and strap themselves to cabin seats.

No, I'm still unconvinced that the airborne-romance plan will work.

It will probably be a long time before travel posters say things like "Woo your sweetie-pie in the sky."





THIS IS AUSTRALIA

A SWIMMING-HOLE in the local river, with its placid ripples and shady, tree-lined banks, has many attractions in the stifling heat of Australia's summer. Small girls and boys can learn to dog-paddle (with a steadying hand from Dad), splash round independently with the help of a rubber tyre or just lie in the shallows and day-dream. And it's fun climbing a tree to reach the diving-board. In most country areas, a creek or river has one particular spot that becomes a popular meeting-place. These swimmers are enjoying themselves at Freshwater Creek, about six miles from Cairns, in northern Queensland. The picture was taken by staff photographer Frank Gardner.



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AMERICAN QUADS



THE BADGETT QUADS, of Galveston, Texas, examine their scrapbooks with Helen K. Lauve, who keeps the books up to date. Quad Joyce is in background and the others are, from left, Joan and Jeanette, Helen Lauve, and Geraldine.

Woman's unusual hobby is obtaining facts about multiple births

An X-ray print showing that an expectant mother would have a multiple birth was the beginning of a fascinating and unusual hobby for an American laboratory technician, Helen K. Lauve, who developed the print in the hospital in which she was employed in Galveston, Texas.

HELEN LAUVE'S

interest in the X-ray print, made for the physician who employed her, was followed by an even greater interest when the babies — quads and all girls — were born to Mrs. Esther Badgett on February 1, 1939.

This interest led Helen Lauve, after the Badgett Quads' birth, to keep a scrapbook of all photographs and press-cuttings about the babies.

Then as other multiple births were recorded Helen Lauve kept scrapbooks for these, too. Her hobby of keeping and recording information and pictures about multiple births had begun.

She now has 42 scrapbooks, and in addition she has collected a vast amount of other information and material on multiple births. Her correspondence on the subject is world-wide.

Helen Lauve has given her hobby the title "Bits 'Bout Multiples," which appears under the heading "Helen's Hobby" on the specially printed stationery she uses for her hobby. The stationery is blue and carries the design of a stork bearing four little bundles in its beak.

She chose the name "Bits 'Bout Multiples" because "I wanted a by-line for signing correspondence and also for a quick reference to my hobby."

Occasionally the title "The Lady of the Multiples" above her address on an envelope is found in her mail.

"I am not the mother of a multiple birth although I do love children," she said.

She has only one child, "A lovely daughter, Jane Carol," who is aged 10.

Mrs. Lauve is employed by a pediatrician, or child specialist, as office and laboratory worker and nurse.

We first came in touch with Helen Lauve and her unusual hobby when she wrote to us from America saying she had read last year's July 6 issue with "extreme excitement." In this issue we published color pictures of the famous Sara Quads, born in Bellingen, N.S.W., on August 17, 18, and 19, 1950.

She also asked for information about the equally famous Lucke Quads — Eric, Kevin, Jennifer, and Veronica, born at Bundaberg, Queensland, on July 12 last year.

The cuttings and pictures have been sent to her, so Australia's quads are now included in her collection.

She collects all the information she can get about multiple births, including news items, photographs, medical reprints, correspondence, and any other data available.

"I have data on two sets of septuplets, nine sets of sextuplets, 45 sets of quintuplets, 168 sets of quadruplets, 1175 sets of triplets, 83 pairs of Siamese twins, more than 3500

sets of twins, 189 of these being local sets. However, not all are surviving," she said.

"I have reprints from medical journals, reprints from the 'Journal of Heredity,' personal letters from parents of multiples and from some of the multiples themselves, personal letters from physicians, photographs, and magazine news items and pictures.

Uses card-index system

"I maintain regular correspondence with quadruplets in Holland, England, and Canada, and also triplets in England and Canada."

She keeps a card-index system on each set of multiple births.

"I correspond regularly with a great many of the multiples included in my files. Yearly I record weights and heights so that I can visualise their sizes and make comparative notes.

"Annually I try to add photographs. I have numerous beautiful pictures.

"Of the hundreds of letters I have written asking for

photos and additional information, a few go unanswered, but the great majority are answered.

"I have had only one definite refusal from a mother who said she gave to charity but not to people she did not know, but I could buy what ever I wanted.

"I have yet to buy pictures and there are hundreds in my books."

Quoting from her file Helen Lauve can give amazingly varied and interesting pieces of information about multiple births.

Among the information she has collected, is a complete file of data on Siamese twins dating from 945 A.D., that was compiled for her by a physician in Iowa.

This shows that until 1913 attempts were made to separate 13 sets of Siamese twins but only one of each set survived. In recent years there have been several successful attempts at separation.

Some other facts from her files: Twins occur once in approximately 87 births; triplets occur once in 7569 births; quadruplets once in 658,500 births; quintuplets once in 57,280,000.

Identical twins come from a single egg. Fraternal twins from two eggs, are no more alike than brothers or sisters of different ages, and rarely look alike.

The rarest types of twins are those with "mirror images" in which the right-side part



THE ADDINGTON TRIPLETS, aged nine years, are James, John, and Frank. They are the oldest triplets in Galveston, which has several sets of triplets and many twins.

Stars in big collection



IN May, 1942, just over three years old, the Badgett Quads were charming, pretty little girls. From left are Jeraldine, Jeanette, Joan, and Joyce. They were born in 1939.

terms of one are identical with the left-side patterns of the other.

Helen Lauve says there were six authenticated sets of sextuplets born in America; eight authenticated sets of quintuplets, three of these sets having been born since 1945.

Her records show there are 21 sets of quads born of white parents, and two sets of quads born of Negro parents, now living in America. Among them are two identical sets, one white and one Negro, and both sets are all girls.

There is only one set of all-male quads in America.

Helen Lauve also keeps on file headlines from clippings that she believes are exceptional.

Some of the headlines she selected for us are:

"Vice-president of Planned Parenthood Clinic gives birth to triplets."

"Triplets named Tom, Dick, and Harry. Triplets named Franklin, Delano, and Roosevelt."

Chicago: "A woman married at 13 years of age had triplets at 14 years, twins at 16 years, twins at 18 years, twin at 20 years, a boy at 22 years, a boy at 24 years. Has had four more sons by her second marriage; a grand total of 15 sons and no daughters."

"Quadruplets born — one on Thursday, one on Friday, and two on Saturday (1950)."

[The birth of the Sara Quads, Australia's first surviving quads — took place over three days, August 17, 18, and 19.]

"Heavy twins — birth weights totalling 20lb.; one twin 16lb., 10oz, and the other 17lb. 8oz."

"Georgia: 15-year-old mother of triplets also has a child 10 months old."

"Texas: mother of 37 children — quins, quads, 3 sets of triplets, 5 sets of twins, and one single births (12 survived) — applies for State pension."

In her hobby, Helen Lauve said her main interest is still the Badgett Quads, whose birth decided her to collect and keep

information about multiple births.

"I am the custodian of their scrapbook and handle a large portion of their correspondence and publicity work," she said.

Now beautiful 17-year-old girls, the Badgett Quads are named Jeraldine, Jeanette, Joyce, and Joan. They were born at St. Mary's Infirmary, Galveston, when their mother, Mrs. Esther Badgett, was aged 36 years and their father, William Ellis Badgett, was aged 37.

Mr. and Mrs. Badgett have two older children, both daughters. They are Geneva, who was aged 16, and Elsie Mae, aged 12 at the time of the quads' birth.

The quads are of the type known as the "three-egg variety." Jeraldine, Jeanette, and Joyce are triplets, and Jeraldine and Jeanette are also identical twins. Joan is an individual.

Their birth was premature. Mrs. Badgett entered hospital at 3.35 a.m. and the first baby, Jeraldine, was born at 5.47 a.m. Next came Jeanette at 6 a.m., Joyce at 6.28 a.m., and Joan at 6.34 a.m.

Their weights at birth were: Jeraldine, 3lb. 13oz.; Jeanette, 3lb. 14 oz.; Joyce 3lb. 14oz.; and Joan, 4lb. 9oz.

Both their mother and father belong to families in which multiple births occurred. Mrs. Badgett has

Great event in Texas

an identical twin sister, and Mr. Badgett had twin brothers, one of whom died in infancy.

The Badgett Quads were delivered by Dr. W. J. Jenkins, sen., Dr. J. L. Jenkins, and W. J. Jenkins, jun. (son of Dr. W. J. Jenkins and then a senior medical student), and the residential medical officers and nursing staff of the hospital. Dr. Francis Garbade, a pediatrician, was also present at the births.

The birth of the quads was a big event in Galveston. Visitors were allowed on the hospital porch to see the babies between 4 p.m. and 5 p.m. each day.



NOW GROWN UP, the Badgett Quads had their seventeenth birthday on the first of this month. From left, they are Jeanette, Joyce, Jeraldine, and Joan, photographed last year. They are students at Ball High School in Galveston.

"It is surprising how many people came to see our girls," said Helen Lauve.

The only commercial contract the girls had was with a tinned-milk firm. The girls were raised on this milk and the firm still supplies them.

By benefit shows and subscriptions, the local Chamber of Commerce raised enough money to allow the civic authorities to build an eight-roomed house for the Badgetts, and it was presented to them with the stipulation that

if they lived there until the quads were aged 18 the home would be theirs.

The Badgetts have been responsible for the upkeep and repairs to this house since the family moved there, in November, 1941.

The quads are now attending Ball High School and will graduate there in June, 1957. They have been flower girls at three weddings, the most exciting being the marriage of film stars Alice Faye and Phil Harris in 1941.

The quads have never been seriously ill, but have had such minor complaints as measles,

chicken-pox, and mumps. Mr. Badgett caught the mumps from his daughters.

Until they were three years old their doctor did not allow them to mix with other children, but since then they have attended Sunday school and church regularly. They were baptised in the First Baptist Church in December, 1951.

As small children they were continually called on to participate in various drives, campaigns, and benefits for charity appeals and war funds.

During the war they "adopted" four servicemen and sent them letters and parcels.

When little girls, they danced and sang on their public appearances to assist these appeals, and at ten years of age they made their first appearance as roller skaters and have appeared on television in this sport.

"But now their performing days are over," said Helen Lauve. "They are very attractive girls. People enjoy just talking to them, looking at them, and observing their mannerisms."

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MY DAUGHTER GRACE-HER LIFE AND LOVES

By MRS. JOHN B. KELLY

● There were days, before my daughter Grace agreed to marry Prince Rainier III of Monaco, when I was certain that many gossip columnists in this country were hard-pressed for material. Those were the days when they were linking Grace's name with that of every man she ever went out with, and with several whom she didn't even know.

RAY MILLAND, Bing Crosby, Oleg Cassini, and Jean-Pierre Aumont were the ones, the columnists said, who captured Grace's affections for varying lengths of time.

She was seen with each of those men, and she was interested in at least two of them. For a time, she considered marrying one—until her reason and her practical side prevailed. But none of the columnists, not even the ones who claimed to know the "inside" story, knew exactly what did go on.

L'affaire Ray Milland, for example, was blown up all out of proportion to what really occurred.

Grace met Milland while she was working with him in Alfred Hitchcock's "Dial M for Murder." His fine acting and obvious experience in his craft made an immediate impression upon her.

Soon after that picture was under way Milland and his wife were separated. Immediately the hue and cry went up: Milland was leaving his wife to marry Grace.

This was not true. The truth was that Grace herself had firmly put a halt to any relationship before it had a chance to get started.

Next came her "involvements" with William Holden and Bing Crosby. Now, Crosby was unquestionably eligible; he was widowed and he was going out with any number of girls. He and Grace went dancing together and had several dates while they were at work on "The Country Girl." That was all.

William Holden was in that picture, too. No sooner had the scandal-mongers finished marrying off Grace and Bing than they had her holding hands with Holden.

The fact is that Bill Holden is happily married and Grace and I went out with him and his wife several times. I can state flatly that that romance was nothing but the figment of some Press agent's lively imagination.

Next in line was dress-designer Oleg Cassini, and I don't mind saying that this situation had us all concerned.

Oleg was a charming man, no question about that. For a time he was at Grace's side everywhere she went.

She found him witty, amusing, and certainly attentive. And for a time we all felt that she might well go against our wishes and marry him.

But, to our relief, the romance eventually was broken off. Grace simply could not

bring herself to make a union with a man who had been divorced.

Jean-Pierre Aumont was the next man who looked like a serious contender. He and Grace had had some dates before she began going out with Cassini, and whenever he was interviewed on the subject of Grace, he spoke of her in highly enthusiastic terms.

When Grace went to France for the Cannes Film Festival in the spring of 1955 she met Aumont (she called him "Pierre") for lunch one day. They held hands and in general behaved like happy, uninhibited lovers in a secret rendezvous.

They could not have known that a cameraman with a telephoto lens had recorded all their movements.

When these pictures were

● All the royalties from this series of articles by Mrs. Kelly are being given to the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, the only medical college in the U.S. exclusively for women students.

published Grace sent me a telegram. It said:

"I have lost neither my heart nor my mind."

I knew then she had no intention of marrying Aumont.

She was still waiting for her Prince.

But that she would actually marry a real prince was the last thought in my mind, although by that time she had already met Rainier III of Monaco.

While she was at Cannes some M.G.M. Press agents, working in conjunction with a Parisian magazine, had taken her to pose for some photographs with Rainier III of Monaco in his palace grounds. She spent less than two hours with the Prince, all told, but those two hours must have made a tremendous impression on both of them!

Later that summer Grace was home again on a visit when some old and dear friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Austin, of Margate, New Jersey, were dining with us. The Austins were planning a trip to Europe, and, because they knew Grace had been there, they were asking her advice on sights to see and places to go.

Grace said that she had met Prince Rainier III of Monaco. She mentioned it in passing. I don't recall that she told them to look him up.

In Monte Carlo, the Austins wanted to go to the famous Casino, but they were having trouble getting a table. Then Russell Austin remembered what Grace had said about the Prince. Russell is a forthright kind of man. Without further ado, he called the palace and, explaining that he was a friend of Grace's, got through to Father Francis Tucker, the Prince's spiritual adviser and chaplain.

Father Tucker, who plays a very important part in the story of Grace and the Prince, originally had a parish in Wilmington, Delaware.

When he heard that the Austins were friends of Grace, he brought their presence to the Prince's attention. The result was that the Austins not only had the very best table at the Casino but also were invited to the palace the next afternoon!

When the Austins departed, they invited the Prince to visit them in Margate when he came to America. He was planning to arrive, he said, for a physical check-up in the late autumn or early winter.

Not long before Christmas they heard that he would like to spend Christmas Day with them.

On Christmas Day, late in the afternoon, they arrived at our door with the Prince, Father Tucker, and Dr. Donat, a surgeon who is Rainier's personal physician. Mrs. Austin made the introductions. My first reaction to the Prince was very warm and favorable. He seemed so simple, so democratic, that it was difficult to realize that he was the ruler of a country.

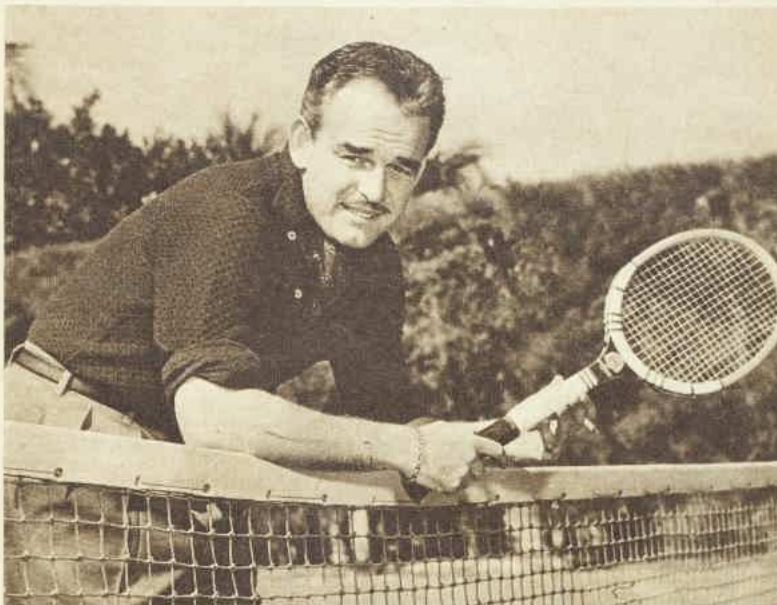
Grace was her usual composed, collected self, but, as her mother, I could see that she, too, was delightfully on edge. The Prince immediately engaged her in conversation; without being obvious about it, he all but monopolized her!

Grace was radiant

It was getting on towards ten o'clock, and Father Tucker observed that he had to be getting back to Wilmington, where he was making his headquarters.

The Prince was reluctant to leave; that was plain. And I knew by glancing at my daughter that she did not want him to go.

Impulsively, I suggested that perhaps the Prince and Dr. Donat would like to stay at



CHIEF OF THE MEN IN GRACE KELLY'S LIFE, Prince Rainier III of Monaco, whom Grace is to marry soon. The Prince, fiftieth in the line of men who have proposed to Grace, is pictured here relaxing in Florida after Grace accepted him.

our house overnight, and go back to Wilmington the next day.

The Prince agreed so readily that I knew, then and there, that his intentions were not just those of a smitten young man. There was purpose in his every word and movement.

My husband drove Father Tucker to the railroad station, and meanwhile Peggy, my eldest daughter, who had come in to meet the Prince, proposed that we all go over to her house for coffee and sandwiches. It was then around 11 o'clock. I knew the Prince was very anxious to spend more time with Grace without the encumbering presence of a mother. I said I would stay home, and the young people went off together.

They stayed at Peggy's house until after 3 o'clock. I know, because I was awake until they came in.

Grace came into my room when she got home. Trying to sound casual, I said, "Well, Gracie, what did you think of the Prince?"

She hesitated, as though she did not want to reveal the full extent of what was going on inside her. "Well, I think he's most attractive in every way." And then she added, "Yes . . . I think he's very nice."

There is only one word to describe the way she looked. She was radiant.

I could not remember any previous time when she had looked so thrilled and happy.

I had not told her, just then, what I already had heard from my husband, Jack. During the time he had driven Father Tucker to the station, the priest, acting as His Highness' representative, had expressed the ruler's intentions.

Continued on page 18



ANOTHER of Grace's admirers, Bing Crosby, plants a fatherly kiss on her brow after she had won an Academy Award for her part in "The Country Girl," in which Bing also had a star role.



GOSSIP linked Grace's name with William Holden, here playing with her a scene from "The Bridges at Toko-Ri." These rumors were quite untrue. Holden is already happily married.



MORE TRUTH lay in the reports of Grace's attachment to dress-designer Oleg Cassini, shown here at a Hollywood party with her. Cassini was devoted and persuasive and Grace was attracted.



HIS PLACE was taken by French film star Jean-Pierre Aumont, here holding hands with Grace during the Cannes film festival in March, 1955. For a time the attachment was very strong.



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Continuing

The Skipper Was a Dame

from page 9

Harbor. Harry comes back—his boat is mine. You write and tell him that!"

He turned away, spun back at once. "You want to know why your boatman quit? I pay him five bucks more a day. You want to sail tomorrow, you can ask your truck-driver friend here can he sail a salmon boat!"

He lumbered down the boat-float steps. The girl didn't watch him go. She was standing, small fists clenched, in front of Lardner, and she was furious. He could see the green fire flashing in her eyes.

"You fixed it good, you did! I wish you'd never come here, telling me your name is Oscar, the same as the broken-winged pelican Harry tamed. You know who holds the note on Harry's boat? Him!" She flung her arm out backward, pointing without looking. "Gus Rinaldo! And you had to slug him!"

"I'm sorry."

"That's a real big help!" She came closer. Looking up, blond head tipped back, she wagged an angry finger at him. "Go away!" she wailed. "Go—!" Suddenly she stopped. Her hand fell slowly to her side. The impish look returned, and she was saying, "Oscar, you aren't really a truck-driver, are you?"

"No."

"Would you know anything at all about a boat?"

"Well, a little, Helen. As a matter of fact, I was thinking—"

"Don't!" she interrupted. "It only causes trouble. Maybe for a little while you could fool them. I doubt it, though." She sighed. "You don't look much like a skipper to me."

"I'd try."

"You'll probably get seasick as a dog the minute we hit a chop outside." She sighed again. "But I guess I'm stuck with you." She brushed that strand of hair at her forehead again. She sounded very businesslike. "I'll pay you fifteen dollars for the trip. You can have your breakfast and your lunch."

"That's fine." He grinned. "As long as you just don't throw me a fish. I'm not like Oscar, the tame white pelican. I don't care for fish."

"Stop grinning!" she snapped. "I'm taking an awful chance. The Laura B sails tomorrow at five. That's in the morning, I mean. You better be here on time!"

He was. The smell of tidal water was strong when he picked his way down the wharf steps in early-morning darkness by the feeble glow of a few electric globes strung overhead. Even at that weird time of day, he thought, Helen Blanchard looked wonderful, giving him coffee in the cockpit before her passengers arrived. Then headlights flung long yellow beams between the eucalyptus trees, and the cars came noisily down the dirt road to Rinaldo Harbor.

"Be the silent type," she warned him. "Maybe they won't guess you don't even know whether the water is fresh or salt. All they want is a good day's fishing fun! And, for heaven's sake, stop grinning at me!"

Then her people came, cluttered with rods and salmon gear, full of talk and expectant pleasure, two of them with their wives. Helen settled them in the cabin and cockpit, introducing them all to Lardner. She had the engine running.

Rinaldo's big purse seiner, the Dominic, was dark at her berth when the girl took the Laura B between the channel lights on the outer hulks that marked Rinaldo Harbor.

"He'll be out," she was telling Oscar beside her at the wheel. "When Gus finds out I've sailed in spite of him, he's bound to cook some trouble up." She was showing Oscar San Quentin Point across the water in the light of a waning moon.

"Red Rock," she said, "will be to port. That's the left-hand side. Keep in between. You'll have first daylight soon. I'll be getting breakfast in the galley. If you get confused, you slow down right away and kick on the scuttle. This is the throttle here. And I told you before! Stop grinning at me!"

Oscar did all right. He had the light on Southampton Shoal on the bow when Helen brought breakfast and a coffee-pot. He ate every bit of it, too, including the slab of ham. The Berkeley lights were fading astern in morning twilight when they headed for the glittering bridge span across the Golden Gate.

Mile Rock Light was hung with misty curtains outside and the Laura B was dipping in ocean swells, swinging her mast in dawn. The people were pulling on oilskin pants, rigging their gear with boisterous talk. And Oscar didn't get seasick at all.

The wind was south and west when they fished off Middle Rock. Both the women struck, their rod tips darting down. One of them lost her fish right



away. The other played easily in to Oscar's gaff. A small Chinook. Six pounds. Not good. The men began to grumble a little. They hailed what few other boats there were. No limits anywhere. And Oscar still peered westward across the white-capped sea.

"What on earth do you see out there?" Helen wanted to know. "Not Gus Rinaldo's Dominic, I hope."

"Smells weathery." He grinned at the way her hair looked in the wind. "Maybe Rinaldo showed good sense and kept the Dominic inside."

"Weathery!" She gave a disdainful chuckle. But she frowned. "The Dominic is out here somewhere. You can count on that." She turned and called out. "All gear in! We'll haul up towards the coast! My hunch says big Chinook are schooling over there."

Shouts of approval answered her. And she was right about it. In shallower water, off Duxbury buoy, the fish began to strike. One of the women was the first. She squealed with glee. Then all the rods began to jerk and dance. They were in the middle of an ocean run of big Chinook.

Oscar was busy with the gaff. No one had time to notice the wall of weather crawling closer, fog swirls pouring towards the coast before a gusty wind. But Oscar did. He had the wheel. They were close to the fog-drenched land. Across the swaying cabin top he could hear surf thundering. Helen was right about the fish. She was right about Rinaldo, too.

Oscar saw the big purse seiner first. The Dominic bore down through a sudden rift in

the fog. Then Helen Blanchard saw her, too. She came head on, burying her bows in the flood before she altered course, ran broadside towards the Laura B, then came abeam.

They could see big Gus at the open window of his pilot-house, leaning out, his dark eyes glittering triumphant recognition. Then the Dominic, already past them, started curving in deliberately to cut close aboard across the wake of the Laura B.

"Oh, no!" The girl cried out at Lardner's side, spun aft to warn her people. But she was too late. The Dominic was fouling all the troll gear. One of the Laura B's fishermen, rod tip erect too long, saw it bend down like a bow before the fine rod snapped.

His howl of rage was lost in sea noise and Rinaldo's booming laughter. Then the big purse seiner surged up past the salmon boat on the other beam. Gus must have felt so satisfied at what he'd done he held her on too close into the shallows. Lardner thought he saw the broad stern shudder, lift, and fall away.

The next time her heavy counter rose, white water boiled beneath it—nothing else. Suddenly the Dominic, curtained in sweeping mists, was broadside in the trough and wallowing. Her whistle started blaring.

"What more does he want?" the girl at Lardner's side wailed bitterly. "That salmon rod was Mr. Randy's joy. I guess I'll have to pay him for it." She sounded pretty discouraged. "Where did you learn about weather, Oscar? I guess we better haul for home."

"I think we ought to haul in towards the Dominic first. I think Rinaldo's got himself in trouble."

The purse seiner's whistle kept blaring. When Lardner carefully brought the Laura B close aboard, half a dozen frightened people were cluttered in the Dominic's waist, hanging on.

Gus towered above them by the wheelhouse, his yachting cap askew. He was bellowing across the water. "I got no steerage! I must have fouled the reef! My helm is jammed!"

"Well, it serves you right!" Helen Blanchard's wrathful voice carried easily with the wind. "You deliberately cut across—"

"O.K., O.K., I'm sorry." Rinaldo's face was pasty white. The Dominic wallowed deeply. "I'll be pounding to pieces on the rocks in an hour!"

"Well, a fancy boat like yours—you've got ship-to-shore radio!" Helen couldn't help the taunt in her angry voice. "Why don't you yell for the Coast Guard?"

"You!" Rinaldo roared. "You and your truck-driver friend! My rudder's jammed! The blasted radio is dead!"

The girl was about to answer again. Lardner's hand closed instantly on her arm to silence her. He was calling back. "I can see your stern-post, Rinaldo. Your rudder isn't jammed. It's gone! We heard your whistle blasts. Are you in distress?"

"Oh, no, you don't!" Big Gus began to get red in the face. "You'll slap no salvage claims on me! Just haul me out of here. I'm asking for a tow, that's all."

"Tow? That's silly, Gus!" At the wheel behind him, the girl was looking up at Oscar with a very puzzled frown. Lardner was calling across the surge of fog-drenched water: "The Laura B hasn't half enough power to tow that big



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To page 37

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY February 15, 1956

DOMESTIC ROLE FOR FAMOUS STAGE STAR

By GEORGE McGANN,
of our New York staff

● The man who played the romantic leading role in "South Pacific" for two years on the Australian stage is now playing a domestic role in real life.

SWEDISH singing star Richard Collett and his Australian bride, formerly Dianne Bowser, mannequin and beauty-contest winner, are living with their five-months-old baby, Richard, jun., in a charming flat on Fifty-Seventh Street, in the heart of New York's art and music centre.

Richard Senior saw Richard Junior for the first time recently when Dianne arrived with the thriving youngster from Australia, where he was born.

They took to each other immediately.

Dianne, a tall, slender girl with a fine figure and auburn hair, met Richard in Melbourne when he was singing in "South Pacific" and she was modelling. They were married in London in 1954 and after a European honeymoon Dianne returned home to Brisbane to have her baby.

"I wanted my baby to have sunshine as soon as he was born, which would have been impossible at that time of the year in New York," explained Dianne.

"I am sure it was the right thing to do. Richard has been a perfectly wonderful child and behaved beautifully on the long boat trip to London and the plane to New York."

They say it is impossible to raise children here, but I am amazed how well the baby is," Dianne said. "I take him walking in Central Park every morning and afternoon and he adores the pigeons and squirrels."

Before Dianne and the baby arrived in New York Richard painted and decorated the whole flat himself so that everything would be bright and cheerful for them.

Collett played the role he made famous in Australia — the French planter Emile de Becque — in a recent revival of "South Pacific" in the New York City Centre. He has also been singing in night-clubs.



FAMILY GROUP. Richard and Dianne Collett with their baby son Richard at home in their New York apartment on 57th Street. When the baby is older, Dianne, a former model and Australian beauty-contest winner, will try for a TV acting job in New York.

DELIGHTED with life in New York, Dianne and Richard Collett (right) go shopping on Fifth Avenue.

BEAUTIFUL baby Richard Collett Junior with his lovely mother (left). Color photographs by Richard Feldman, of our New York staff.



**THURSDAY IS
ART CLASS NIGHT FOR
BUSY MOTHER OF 4**

Mother of four lively children, aged two to 12, Mrs. G. Chapman of Meadowbank, N.S.W. still finds time for art classes, tennis and a lot of entertaining. She is typical of thousands of young Australian homemakers who maintain a fresh and friendly household.



WITH SO MANY THINGS
TO DO IN OUR SPARE TIME,
IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE
AN EFFICIENT WORK-SAVER
LIKE RINSO. IT GETS DISHES
SPARKLING AND KEEPS MY
HANDS NICE, TOO!



FAR MORE
SUDS FOR
YOUR MONEY



With Rinso's
thicker, richer suds
grease vanishes . . .
yet hands stay lovely

Instead of the old-fashioned soap shaker, you'll find in the modern kitchen a clean, fresh packet of Rinso for the washing-up. For Rinso means dishes well done in half the time. Only a tablespoonful of Rinso for the biggest family wash-up gives a froth of long-lasting suds that dissolve grease fast. Plates, glasses and cutlery come out of those thicker, richer suds thoroughly clean, sparkling like sunbeams.

Thousands of capable, charming housewives agree with Mrs. Chapman that Rinso is as good for dishes as for clothes.

USED BY 7 OUT OF EVERY 10 HOUSEWIVES EVERY WASHDAY

Continued from page 15

MY DAUGHTER GRACE

● My husband, upon his return home, came to tell me what he and Father Tucker had talked about, and I knew from his face that something important had happened.

JACK always comes right to the point.

"The Prince is interested in marrying Grace," he said.

A few days later the Prince and Grace went to New York, where they went everywhere together, enjoying themselves, seeing friends they had in common. On Thursday morning, December 29, Grace rang me from New York.

"Mother," she said, "I'm very much in love."

That was it. I immediately put in a call to Father Tucker, in Wilmington.

"Father," I said, "I believe our young people are very serious. Won't you come to Philadelphia and have a talk with Jack and me?"

"The Prince already has asked me to come to New York," Father Tucker said, "and I will see you on New Year's Eve at the Austins' house in Margate."

He kept his appointment, had a long and serious talk with my husband, and everything was then settled.

We called the happy couple on the telephone and gave our consent and blessing. My daughter actually was going to be a princess!

Since the engagement was announced, on January 5, we have been asked scores of questions. One that we have been asked frequently makes us laugh. It is: "How much will the dowry be?"

This implies that we are in a position to settle a fantastic sum upon our daughter, and it also assumes that some sort of dowry is required. These things should be set straight. It has been reported that my husband is worth as much as 20,000,000 dollars—another matter that ought to be clarified.

My husband has done well in the bricklaying and construction and other businesses, a fact of which he and I are both proud. He started out as an apprentice bricklayer, and today his company is engaged for big jobs in every section of the country. But the stories of our "wealth" are exaggerated.

And if Jack were a billionaire I doubt that he would feel that a dowry was altogether in keeping with the American tradition.

There will be no dowry.

That fact was established in the conversation my husband had with Father Tucker on New Year's Eve, when we gave our consent to the engagement.

The following Tuesday I went to New York to be with Grace, to see what I could do to help. She gave a small dinner in her apartment and we settled upon the time of the formal announcement.

We decided upon a lunch, and it was arranged that we would announce the engage-

ment, however, that I believe I was the only one who noticed. Wherever she looked at her Prince or her engagement ring, her feelings took possession of her face. She really looked like a girl who had found her Prince!

"Mother, I never knew I could be so happy," she said to me time and again.

So it happened—and now, except for the wedding plans, it all has been arranged. Despite all the reports from various sources, no definite plans have been made for the wedding. The date has not been decided, and the time has not yet been determined. But whatever the young people decide will be all right with my husband and me.

Our only desire is for them to do what they wish—what will make them happiest.

Also, I'm hoping for many grandchildren. The Montagu's, Prince Rainier's subjects, are looking for an heir to his throne. If he and Grace should be childless, the country will revert to France through the terms of an old treaty. That would be too bad for Monaco, but it would be just as sorrowful for the Kelly family.

As a mother and housewife, it's going to take me some time to get used to the idea of being the mother of a princess. My feelings at the moment are enjoyably confused, but a few things have emerged during the past few weeks.

First, I am glad that my daughter has at last found the man she loves and wants to marry.

Second, a less personal factor, I am proud for another reason. As a screen star, Grace has been a kind of cultural ambassador of goodwill. Now, as the wife of a foreign ruler, she will be presented with a concrete opportunity to show the people of other lands what our customs and democratic institutions mean. She can be a wonderful living example of what we in this country are and what we believe.

In a way, her story is an affirmation of the American dream. If Grace can marry a prince, every American girl can!



FATHER TUCKER, spiritual adviser of Prince Rainier, with Grace's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly, after the engagement was announced in January.

ment then. It was to be announced simultaneously in Monaco by the court of Rainier III. But we were all so excited that nobody remembered that Monaco time is about five hours earlier than our time—and so, calamitously enough, the news was out long before we expected it!

We were totally unprepared for the pandemonium that broke loose when we returned to our house. I've never seen such a crowd of Press people in my life!

They mobbed us—and it's been going on ever since. We've had our telephone number changed twice since that day. Yet, somehow, people have managed to get it, and we've had all sorts of strange calls ever since.

Through it all, Grace has remained calm. At the Press conference she was her usual pleasant, retiring self. There was a difference in her be-

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



*To every couple who has longed for
beautiful carpeting - but couldn't afford it....*

**NEW Luxurious, seamless
SUNRAY 9 ft. BROADLOOM CARPET**

BY TUFTON

*A lounge room to be proud of -
carpeted in wall to wall beauty for only
£29.4.0 (measurement 12 ft x 12 ft)*



YOUR HOME MEANS MORE with

Sunray on the floor. Nothing does so much to make your home beautiful as soft, colourful Sunray carpet on the floors. At today's Sunray price this beauty is well within your reach. You can afford to do two rooms for what you *think* one will cost! With Sunray Broadloom you achieve the luxury look of *almost seamless* wall-to-wall carpet—the look of modern, easy living.

UNDERFELT IS NOT NECESSARY!

The deep rich Sunray pile is set in pure Latex. That's why you get heavenly cushioned comfort and luxury underfoot at down to earth prices. It's wonderfully easy to live with — quiet, safe, no trouble to clean, a constant joy to look at. Sunray does so much and costs so little — in time, in work and in money.

YOU'LL BE STARRY-EYED about

the colours! Soft, warm, welcoming colours that set a flattering frame around your furniture — Olive Green, Twilight Blue, Terracotta, Forest Green, Light Mushroom, Willow Green, Charcoal, Vermont Green, Dark Mushroom, Anthracite, Oyster Grey . . . and more coming!

SUNRAY 9 ft. Seamless Broadloom

£5/9/6 yard. Also 3ft. 36/6; 6ft. 73/-

—obtainable everywhere. (Slight price variation in Queensland—also in suburban and country stores throughout Australia).

When decorating your home remember there's a **FREE** Berger-Mayfair Colour Advisory service for every purchaser of Sunray Carpet. Call or write to the Mayfair Colour Centre in your nearest Capital City.

manufactured by the **TUFTON** Corporation Ltd.

Sunray



HAVE YOU "Chicken Feather Legs?"

Tut! Tut! You really shouldn't! You may dress fashionably, but those unsightly "chicken feather legs" will always be noticed by others. It's so easy to have smooth, lovely-to-look-at legs with SILKYMIT. New, improved Silkymit is safe, simple to use. As harmless as a powder puff—as necessary as a lipstick. A few minutes with Silkymit every 3 or 4 weeks will keep your legs soft and silky!

Silkymit
HAIR REMOVING GLOVE

All chemists and stores, everywhere. 1/3 each or in the new money-saving Triple-Pack, 3 for 3/-

IF TRIPLE-PACK NOT AVAILABLE IN YOUR AREA, USE THIS COUPON
To F. C. HAWLEY & SON, 841 George Street, Sydney.
Please send me TRIPLE-PACK SILKYMIT (post free).
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
I enclose 3/- postal note.

'DETTOL'

THE EFFICIENT ANTISEPTIC

Ideal for
intimate
personal
use

DOES NOT STAIN
PLEASANT AND GENTLE
DEODORANT AND REFRESHING
Obtainable from all chemists



Fly **PAN AMERICAN**
World's Most Experienced Airline

call your Travel Agent, or Pan American.

What is baby saying?

What is the baby saying? Prizemoney totalling £100 can be won by readers who send in the most appropriate captions for this picture—the fifteenth in our series of "Baby Talk" studies.

EACH week we offer a first prize of £50, three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1 for captions to our baby studies by Constance Bannister, of New York.

The £50 first prize in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 12 was won by Mrs. N. Wright, "Aratuen," Highs Rd., West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

Her winning entry was —
"Oh, BOY — six days' shore leave!"

The judges liked the idea of the baby as a sailor, and consider the caption an ideal one for the picture.

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. P. C. Chatwin, Somerset, Tas.

"Give it a go, mate."

Mrs. E. MacDonald, 54 Ellington St., Ekibin, Qld.

"Paper, mister?"

Mrs. R. E. Smith, 92 Carlton St., Carlton, Vic.

"I get around . . ."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. N. Oakley, 77 Vine St., Prospect, S.A.

"I'm in the team, Dad!"



"Oh, BOY—six days' shore leave!"

Mrs. G. E. Hills, 200 Fort St., Maryborough, Qld.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in proposing the toasts of the bridesmaids."

Mrs. George Stutz, 60 Arthur St., Baddow, Maryborough, Qld.

"Too right, I'm an Aussie."

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. May O'Shea, 4 Rowland St., North Ward, Townsville, Qld.

"What'll I wear, tux or tails?"

Mrs. E. L. Duval, 41 Haylock St., Manly, Qld.

"Garn! You can't pop that over your old dad!"

Mr. F. A. McEwan, 6 Thorpe St., California Gully, Eaglehawk, Vic.

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

Mrs. D. Cumming, 11 Ashmore St., Everton Park, Qld.

"No, lady, no uranium down here—I'm digging drains."

Mrs. G. W. Green, 36 Kooyong Rd., Armadale S.E.3, Vic.

"Want to bet me?"

Baby No. 12 broke new ground by being seen as a New Australian, a square-dance caller, and as a World War I Digger.

Familiar roles in which other readers cast the baby were as tennis champion Lew Hoad, screen stars Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Alan Ladd, and as President Eisenhower.

Quite a number of entrants again cast the baby as Australian poet C. J. Dennis' "Sentimental Bloke."

Blondes, bikinis, and beer made a reappearance in Contest No. 12, together with references to Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell.

Once again many captions



"Baby Talk" No. 15

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk" Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 15 close on FEBRUARY 20. Winners will be announced in our issue dated MARCH 7.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.
7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON

The Australian
Women's Weekly
"Baby Talk" Contest
No. 15
February 15, 1956

were identical or almost identical, though this time no special one emerged as an outstanding favorite. In cases of duplication the first entry opened is the one put aside for judging.

"Baby Talk" No. 15 closes on February 20. Results will be

given in our issue dated March 7.

Captions must be no longer than 15 words. What we want is a light touch and general appeal.

Full name, address, and State must accompany each group of entries.

A CONTEST, OR IS IT A FIGHT?

Next week we introduce a fascinating and amusing contest based on the foibles of the "weaker" and the "stronger" sexes.

READERS are asked to send anecdotes which provoke the comment: "Just like a man" or "Just like a woman."

We will pay two prizes of £2/2/- weekly for the best examples of the weaknesses or quirks of men and women.

How often has everyone said "Just like a man" or "What can you expect from a woman?"

To illustrate the sort of thing we want we have asked our columnist, Dorothy Drain, to give an example for one side of the contest, "Just Like a Man."

This is what Miss Drain has to say about men:

"One of the universal traits of men is summed up in a story a friend of mine used to tell about her father. A variation of the following incident took place in the home every weekend.

"The problem was whether to go to the beach or the mountains for the Sunday drive. The mother used to consult the children secretly. Suppose that they voted for the beach:

"Father: 'Well, where shall we go?'

"Mother: 'Wherever you like, dear.'

"Father: 'No, no. It's your outing. Come on, make up your minds.'

"Mother (tentatively): 'I was thinking that the mountains might be nice. Less traffic, too.'

"Father: 'What a ridiculous idea! The mountains in this weather. We'll go to the beach.'

So sweeping was Miss Drain's condemnation of the male sex that we asked Ross Campbell, our new male columnist, to open the "Just Like a Woman" half of the contest.

Mr. Campbell had this to say:

"A couple I know had an argument lately. The subject being discussed was the date when the house next door was burned down.

"It was August last year," the husband said.

"No, it was earlier. It was in July," his wife insisted.

"I'm sure you're wrong."

"No. I remember clearly. It was the first time I wore my green ballerina cocktail frock," she said.

"How like a woman!"

This week Ross Campbell and Dorothy Drain started our contest for you.

Next week we will publish the best entry in each of the two divisions — male and female — submitted by our readers.

Post your entries, marked "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Royal couple entertained by dancing girls at Durbar

The Queen's Durbar, held at Kaduna, was a technicolor extravaganza of superb horsemen, shouting tribesmen, shimmying dancing girls brought by the Shenu of the Bornu tribe—and Muslims carrying enamel kettles.

THE gay Shenu is an old man now but his lovely dancing girls are young. Some dozens of lovely Bornu women—in fact the entire village where he keeps them—appeared wearing identical indigo-blue robes. The girls swayed past, shimmying from the hips in a moderate belly dance.

The Muslims carried their enamel kettles for ablutions before prayers. They walked past the Queen's pavilion solemnly in single file, in sharp contrast to the medieval cavalcade of the Katsina tribe.

The Katsinas dress in chain mail with Crusader helmet on which is a triple feather cockade.

Their horses caparisoned in satin and wearing beaten metal bridles and breastplates, the Katsinas rode ten abreast in perfect formation. Their horsemanship was outstanding in a magnificent procession of contrast and splendor.

In the two hours of the Durbar (a public levee), the Queen took the salute from 6000 of her Nigerian subjects. Two thousand of them were mounted on horseback, many more on camels, but the greater number, led by their chiefs, ran past the Queen. As they passed they shook a sceptre or long staff, or threw a spear to quiver in the ground before the Royal pavilion.

Last of the tribes to pay their respects were the ebony, naked Pagans riding bareback, who swept across the scene in a wild climax to the Durbar.

Against the primitive pagantry was the elegance of the Queen in full evening dress with tiara, necklace, and bracelets of diamonds sparkling in the sun.

Surprise visit

THE Queen was so fascinated by the horsemen of the northern region, who met her en masse when she arrived at Kaduna the day before the Durbar, that she and the Duke paid a surprise visit to the camp where each tribe was busy rehearsing.

Men of the Hausa tribe broke up their rehearsal to line the roads as a cloud of dust heralded the Queen's approach. Pagans, wearing only beaded G-strings, stopped dancing and playing their flutes, and their "spirit man," the Dodo, stood still in his weird straw costume, looking for all the world like the straw man from the film "The Wizard of Oz."

Others played their five-foot-long Kakais (silver



THE QUEEN leaves the Cathedral Church of Christ in Lagos after a special service to commemorate the Battle of Mying, Burma, when the West African Divisions fought the Japanese. The Queen is accompanied by the Archbishop of West Africa, Most Rev. J. W. C. Horstead. The Bishop of Lagos, Rt. Rev. A. W. Howells, is with the Duke.

horns), while a steady beat of drums was the undertone to the excited chattering and cheers as the Queen drove slowly by.

The visit was an inspiration. None of the men in the camp could believe at first that the Queen had come.

"We are deeply honored," said the Emir of Zaria, who was in charge of all arrangements for the Durbar.

"The Queen came among us to pay her respects," he said.

"Never before has Nigeria had a visit from a reigning sovereign. This is the gratification of our dearest wishes—this unexpected visit a tribute none had expected."

The Queen's open car was covered with dust as she and the Duke stepped out to stand in a cloud of red dust kicked up by the deliciously excited Hausas as they milled around the Royal couple.

They mobbed the car and no police control could check their wild enthusiasm. When the Queen's surprise visit was known, the handful of police available were rushed to the camp, but there were too few. I was caught up in the

skirmish as dusky Nigerians broke the thin rank of police who held hands in a chain around the Queen.

The red dust from this black stampede was so thick at this stage that the Queen was visible from only about 50 yards, but she was smiling and waving and the Duke of Edinburgh was grinning.

I had gone to the camp to see some of the magnificent trappings of the horses when I was caught up in the scene.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff,
who is in Nigeria
for the Royal tour

While the Queen's unexpected visit was appreciated as the honor it was, it was the next morning when she appeared at 9 a.m. in full evening dress that the Nigerians were awestricken by her beauty.

In Lagos, too, the colored calendars and storybook pictures of the Queen came to life when the Queen, in regal splendor and surrounded by the pomp and panoply of monarchy, drove to the House of Representatives to receive a loyal address.

The Queen, grandly robed in jewel-encrusted satin, her jewels blazing and her tiara like a ball of fire as the fierce

rays of the tropical sun caught the diamonds, looked exactly as they had always pictured her.

The Queen's dress was made of deep ivory satin cut on princess lines. It had a yoke heavily embroidered in gold and pearl medallions. Similar medallions were scattered all over the gown.

For the ordinary man and woman on the hot dusty pavements of Lagos this was what they had been waiting for. The impact was terrific. Black faces split into wide grins as the spell was broken and cheers broke the awestricken silence.

As well as her high spiked tiara (which she wore often on the Australian tour), the Queen wore a drop necklace of diamonds, and diamond bracelets on each wrist. On the blue sash of the Garter she wore the jewelled Family Orders.

Native dancing

THE evening after the Durbar the Queen and the Duke were entertained in a quieter way by the Nigerians when they watched on the lawns of Government House a display of traditional dancing.

A blind Pagan called "Innocent" sang for the Queen. Another singer, Omram Ficia, who chanted an extempore narrative, had led "Innocent" from his village, four weeks' walk from Kaduna.

The Queen and the Duke sat on the verandah not more than twenty yards from the performers. The Queen applauded each dance enthusiastically and smiled as she spoke to the chiefs when they presented their men.

The next morning the Queen and the Duke left Kaduna—known as the Canberra of Nigeria—to spend a private weekend in Jos.

This private two-day rest after her heavy programme in what is described as "a sweat-box by the sea" must recall to the Queen the weekend just four years ago when as Princess Elizabeth she enjoyed a brief holiday at the foot of Mt. Kenya.

The weekend at Jos was the anniversary of that quiet interlude when the Queen succeeded to the throne on the death of her father, King George VI.

Tudun Wada Lodge, where the Royal couple rested, is a small E-shaped cottage of five bedrooms. They were quite alone there except for the Queen's maid and the Duke's valet.

For the Royal visit the lodge was painted white and the pretty thatched roof was replaced with a rather ugly iron one as a fire-safety precaution.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE CAN BRING YOU

a lovelier complexion

IN 14 DAYS

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan, you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. And in 14 days or less, your skin can be softer, smoother, younger looking.



NOT JUST A PROMISE
BUT A PROVED BEAUTY PLAN

Here's all you do. Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute twice a day. Then rinse and pat dry.

REGULAR — BATH SIZE —
SUPERBATH



YOU TOO can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion
- ♥ Less oiliness
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes — blackheads
- ♥ Complexion clearer — more radiant

USE PALMOLIVE . . . IT'S SO MILD — SO GENTLE . . . THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS BY FAR THE LARGEST SELLING TOILET SOAP IN AUSTRALIA.



Because it *dissolves*
DISPRIN
stops pain *quickly*

. . . and is far less likely to cause stomach upset

DISPRIN—The New Soluble Aspirin

FOR HEADACHES • FEVERISHNESS • NERVE PAINS • ACES • COLDS • CHILLS



"Swan Brand" teaset is highly favoured in happy families — usefulness, quality and appearance combine to make home life brighter. In many attractive designs and various finishes, from all good ironmongers and stores.

It's a happy family with a

SWAN BRAND TEASET

In the home for a LIFETIME

Manufactured by B. & S. Ltd., Birmingham 18, England

Twink is here!

The first one-lotion home perm containing an OIL CONDITIONER to give silky-soft waves without frizz



No Neutralizer Needed

For everyone who longs for shiny-soft waves — Twink is here! Twink, the new one-lotion home perm gives your hair a delicate oil treatment while it waves, makes it glisten with lovely, natural highlights. And your perm will stay that way — no days of fussing over it. Even the fine spun hair of a little girl comes out of a Twink perm silken-soft. Twink suits every type and colour of hair.

WAVES IN ONLY 15 MINUTES

Simply wet your hair with Twink, curl it up and, in only 15 minutes, it's ready for rinsing!

WHAT YOU WILL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT TWINK

Will Twink save me time? Yes, for one cream lotion does the whole job of waving — in 15 minutes. And, Twink eliminates the neutralizer. You can go about your business at home for the time it takes your hair to dry naturally. Or go to sleep — and wake up with a brand-new hair-do.

How long will a Twink wave last? Depending on how short you cut your hair and how quickly it grows, your Twink wave will last as long as an expensive £4 permanent at a hairdressing salon.

At all chemists and leading departmental stores.

FULL HEAD SIZE 12/6
END CURL SIZE 8/6

T.L.W.W.142g

Results of our 1955 Embroidery Contest

Below is a complete list of all prizewinners in our £2000 Embroidery Contest, which attracted more than 4000 entries from all Australian States, New Zealand, Norfolk Island, and India.

Grand Champion Prize, £500

Miss MAVIS MARSH,

"Avon," 23 Etna St., Gosford, N.S.W.

SECTION ONE

1st PRIZE £200

Mrs. L. Briggall, 97 Market St., Moorebank, Liverpool, New South Wales.

2nd PRIZE £100

Miss Mary Ellis, "Sunnyside," Boundary Rd., Mt. Eliza, Vic.

3rd PRIZE £50

Mrs. Kathleen Waller, 313 Lenah Valley Rd., Hobart.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

(40 prizes at £5)

NEW SOUTH WALES.—Mrs. A. Friend, Parkeshourne, via Breadalbane; Mrs. G. Huddleston, 62 Condamine St., Balgowlah; Mrs. M. Boodle, Belconnen St., Romaderry; Miss N. Adams, Casades, Norfolk Island; Mrs. A. Palling, 168 Marion St., Leichhardt; Mrs. C. Orford, 80 Queen St., Auburn; Mrs. M. Derkeny, 13 Blackwell Rd., Woy Woy; Mrs. P. Ward, 12 Auburn St., Moree; Mrs. I. Moore, 18 St. Thomas St., Waverley; Mrs. V. Abel, 110 Wellbank St., Concord; Miss C. Clark, 770 Pennant Hills Rd., Carlingford; Mrs. P. Harris, 12 Saltash St., Yagoona; Miss Y. Buchanan, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart College, Kensington; Mrs. E. Oates, 37 Montague Rd., Cremorne; Miss J. MacCulloch, "Greta," Tullamore.

* Highly commended.
VICTORIA.—Mrs. M. Kedzrey, Balmattum, East Wayside Mall, Eureka; Mrs. J. Gill, 30 Princess Ave., Highett; Miss J. Davies, 94 Elgin St., Hawthorn; Miss E. Sunnot, 145 Victoria St., Ballarat East; Mrs. L. West, 10 Moncur Ave., Springvale; Mrs. J. Collins, 9 Gwendoline Ave., Bentleigh; Miss M. White, 41 Beaver St., Essendon; Miss Ellen Sunnot, 145 Victoria St., Ballarat East; Mrs. M. Wignell, 48 Wallingford St., Chesham; Mrs. W. Roland, Baywater Rd., Baywater; Miss V. Wright, 1 Camden Rd., Geelong.

* Highly commended.
QUEENSLAND.—Mrs. E. Laund, 14 Erie St., Mackay; Mrs. E. Rutch, Yandina; Mrs. K. Webb, "Mt. Mia," Kulkivan; Mrs. M. Botta, 111 Martindale St., Corinda; Mrs. I. Bush, Pahlman St., Ashfield.

* Highly commended.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Miss E. Hansen, Murrumbidgee, via Pt. Lincoln; Mrs. D. Stephenson, 53 Roselle Ave., Colonel Light Gardens; Mrs. K. Humphrey, 54 Miller St., North Unley.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Mrs. D. Ward, 124 Scarborough Beach Rd., Scarborough; Miss E. Kain, 157 Shepparton Rd., Victoria Park; Mrs. K. Griffiths, 47 Merriwa St., Nedlands; Miss Betty Becker, 11 Bristol Ave., Bicton.

NEW ZEALAND.—Miss R. Fletcher, 14 Montrose Terrace, Mairangi Bay; Mrs. O. Nicholls, 19 Totara St., Masterton.

* Highly commended.

SECTION TWO

1st PRIZE £100

Miss V. Hainsworth, 147 Beach Rd., Sandringham, Vic.

2nd PRIZE £50

Miss A. Draffin, 121 Windermere St., Ballarat, Vic.

3rd PRIZE £25

Mrs. W. Wright, Cow Creek Rd., Nambour, Qld.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

(35 prizes at £5)

NEW SOUTH WALES.—Mrs. D. Hooper, 5 Meares Ave., Handwick; Mrs. N. Benton, 25 Nielsen Ave., Carlton; Mrs. L. Somerville, 7 Ivanhoe Rd., Croydon; Mrs. M. Vincent, 62 Tackling St., Port Macquarie; Mrs. C. Welch, 8 Lancelot St., Enfield; Miss B. Semler, Norma St., The Rock; Mrs. L. Meyers, King St., The Rock; Miss M. Turner, Palmerston Rd., Hornsby; Miss M. Stark, 409 Condamine St., North Manly; Miss C. Soutar, 13 Minna St., Burwood; Mrs. O. Just, Lone Pine, Howlong, via Albury; Miss A. Smith, 19 Arthur St., Croydon; Mrs. E. Hunter, 37 Lismore St., Albion; Mrs. Valerie Scott, 14 Perkins St., West Denison.

VICTORIA.—Mrs. V. Wilson, Avrhill, Beaconsfield; Mrs. M.

SECTION THREE

1st PRIZE £70

Mrs. Bill Sturrock, 40 Hodder St., East Brighton, Vic.

2nd PRIZE £30

Miss Mary Mearns, King Edward Technical College, Dunedin, N.Z.

3rd PRIZE £10

Miss Florence Bell, 158 Nelson St., Nhill, Vic.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

(25 prizes at £5)

NEW SOUTH WALES.—Miss G. Mers, King St., The Rock; Mrs. A. Mitchell, 43 Hodder St., Hurstville; Mrs. E. Hunter, 27 Lismore St., Abermain; Miss M. Edwards, 13 Audrey St., Balgowlah; Mrs. A. Maykowski, 23 Werners Rd., Terrey Hills; Mrs. J. Mellor, 223 Greenwich Rd., Greenwich.

VICTORIA.—Mrs. C. Johnson, 7 Downes St., Strathmore; Miss V. Cunningham, District Hospital, Footscray; Mrs. L. Hale, 31 Bath Rd., Burwood; Mrs. M. Tablin, Ringwood Rd., Warrandyte; Mrs. C. Foster, 280 Ames St., Nth. Carlton.

QUEENSLAND.—Mrs. H. French, 11 Jones St., Highgate Hill; Miss M. Vance, 61 Maryvale St., Toowoomba; Miss P. Voss, Torbanlea; Mrs. R. Shannon, 39 Meadow St., Nth. Mackay.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Mrs. O. Glynn, 44 Paynam Rd., Glenelg; Miss N. Hart, 135 Mead St., Large Bay; Mrs. J. Taylor, 370 South Terrace; Miss J. Ladon, Timbarra; Miss G. White, Coler's Rd., Salisbury.

TASMANIA.—Mrs. M. Watson, 2 Marsh St., New Town; Miss M. Gould, 28 Cornhaugh Cres., Launceston.

INDIA.—Mrs. L. Tasnogsora, Rajkumar College, Rajkot, Saurashtra.

SECTION FOUR

(For men only)

1st PRIZE £75

Mr. Stuart Hedberg, 196 Palas St., Maryborough, Qld.

2nd PRIZE £35

Mr. Allan Cameron, "Rosevale," Waitahuna, Otago, N.Z.

3rd PRIZE £15

Mr. R. Fuller, O'Halloran St., Laura, S.A.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

(8 prizes at £5)

NEW SOUTH WALES.—Mr. R. Rodick, 22 Sandhurst St., Bulli; Mr. S. B. Adams, 23 Adam St., Fairfield; Mr. E. Blencowe, 28 Sylvia St., Rydalmere.

VICTORIA.—Mr. E. M. Halliday, William St., South Yarra; Mr. Ismael Ramadun, Box 7, Shepparton; Mr. E. Wolodysky, 31 Prospect St., Glenore.

TASMANIA.—Mr. B. M. Madden, The Rectory, Richmond; Mr. H. Price, 111 Bathurst St., Launceston.

JUVENILE SECTIONS

SECTION 5

1st PRIZE £50

Miss Shirley Braumann, King Edward Technical College, Dunedin, N.Z.

2nd PRIZE

Miss Wilma M. Gambold, 6 Queen St., Blackburn, Vic.

3rd PRIZE £10

Miss Rosina Nichols, 16 Totara St., Masterton, N.Z.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

(5 prizes at £5)

NEW SOUTH WALES.—Miss L. Swadlow, 377 Young St., Annandale; Miss J. Stewart, 43 Oyster Rd., Strathfield.

VICTORIA.—Miss Jan Hughes, 61 Sussex St., Brighton.

NEW ZEALAND.—Miss J. Carr, King Edward Technical College, Dunedin; Miss L. Bowman, King Edward Technical College, Dunedin.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

(15 prizes at £2)

NEW SOUTH WALES.—Miss R. Walters, "Inverness," Elong Esby; Miss A. Brown, 131 Dalhousie St., Haberfield; Miss M. Armstrong, 6 Phillip Rd., Putney; Miss J. Millram, 127 Fox Valley Rd., Warrunga; Miss A. Joughin, 28 Oatford Rd., Scooner; Miss J. Lambert, 4 George St., Pentland Hills; Miss J. Laws, R.P.A. Hospital, Campedown; Miss E. Clarke, 489 Anna St., Kingsford; Miss J. Roughton, Orange Grove, Old Dural.

VICTORIA.—Miss M. Threlk, Butler Grove, East Coburg.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Miss Cherry, Zealand, 198 Roland Ave., Carlisle.

NEW ZEALAND.—Miss J. Wilson, King Edward Technical College, Dunedin; Miss D. Cowen, 48 Moke Ave., Palmerston; Miss J. Roberts, St. Mary's College, Auckland; Miss J. Horner, King Edward Technical College, Dunedin.

SECTION 6

1st PRIZE £20

Miss Anne Douglas, 10 Elliott St., South Warrnambool, Vic.

2nd PRIZE £10

Miss Patricia Phillips, 10 Errington St., Moorooka, Qld.

3rd PRIZE £5

Miss Jean Bamber, King Edward Technical College, Dunedin, N.Z.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

(25 prizes at £1)

NEW SOUTH WALES.—Miss B. Dawe, 43 Oxford St., Ennis; Miss L. Grafton, 3 Pinke Ave., Ennis; Miss J. Pearson, 135 Wey Rd., Sefton; Miss D. Selway, 111 Wey Rd., Sefton; Miss J. Moorebank, 111 Evans, 146 Victoria Rd., Gladesville; Miss C. Brown, 174 Concor St., Macquarie; Miss E. Smith, 9 Keyash Rd., Pargwood; Miss C. Pidgeon, 23 Caronia Ave., Cronulla; Miss D. Kaul, 37 London Ave., Haberfield; Miss G. Phillips, 38 Pennant Hills Rd., Thornleigh.

VICTORIA.—Miss M. Zolken, James St., Seaford; Miss P. Chinlin, 7 Tuxen Court, Moorabbin; Miss M. Treason, 488 Hampton Ave., Brighton.

QUEENSLAND.—Miss J. Nolan, Roma Downs, Roma; Miss L. Leimer, 15 Alice St., Albion; Miss G. McCreedy, P.O. Perthshire, via Cairns; Miss J. Miles, 311 Rd., Nambour.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Miss J. D. Bock, Greenhill, via Meadows.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Miss S. Rowe, 55 Lawler St., Subiaco; Miss L. Garich, 23 Regent St., Leamington; Miss R. Knox, 24 Esplanade, Mt. Pleasant; Miss Lawrence, 6 Franklin St., Leamington; Miss B. Hatherly, Kooragang Island, via Wagin.

NEW ZEALAND.—Miss B. Arthur, King Edward Technical College, Dunedin; Miss N. Kachow, Mechanic St., Dunedin.

Skilled needleworkers



GRAND CHAMPION prize-winner Miss Mavis Marsh, of Gosford, N.S.W., who won £500 for an exquisitely worked cream supper-cloth. Miss Marsh was persuaded to enter the contest by her mother.



FIRST PRIZE in Section 3 was won by former journalist Mrs. Bill Sturrock, of Brighton, Vic. (above), who learned embroidery at the Royal School of Needlework, London. Her cushion-cover will go into her new home.

FIRST PRIZE in Section 1, £200, was won by Mrs. Lucia Briguglio, of Liverpool, N.S.W., pictured (at left) with her daughter Josephine. Mrs. Briguglio is Sicilian-born and married her Italian husband in Australia.

Hobbyists in fine stitchery carry off main prizes in our contest

Grand champion in The Australian Women's Weekly Embroidery Contest is Miss Mavis Marsh, of Etna St., Gosford. She has won so many trophies for her exquisite needlework that she has lost count of them.

"I NEVER thought of counting up my prizes, but I suppose I've won a few hundred over the years. It's been my hobby since I was a schoolgirl," she said.

Miss Marsh, who has won as many as three first prizes in one Royal Sydney Show and up to 14 in country shows, did not intend to enter for The Australian Women's Weekly contest and was "talked into it" by her mother.

"I knew there would be thousands of entries from all over Australia and even beyond, so I didn't think I would have a chance. Mother just made me enter."

Miss Marsh, a gentle, dark-eyed woman with a quiet voice, is head girl and floor-walker at a local chainstore.

She finds embroidery ideal relaxation.

Miss Marsh learnt needlework from her mother, who was trained in embroidery and point lace-making at a convent when she was a girl in Dungog, New South Wales.

Winner of the £200 first prize in Section One, Mrs. Lucia Briguglio, of Liverpool, N.S.W., cried for joy when she heard she was among the prize-winners.

Charming, Sicilian-born Mrs. Briguglio, whose husband, Peter, is a boot-repairer at a city store, is the mother of one-year-old Josephine and has been in Australia for four years.

Embroidery has been more

than a hobby for Mrs. Briguglio. She learnt needlework at an Italian craft school from the age of eight, and before she came to Australia often worked for 12 hours a day, seven days a week, to help support the family after her father died.

"But I love this work," said Mrs. Briguglio. "See? I embroidered all the things for Josephine."

Exquisitely worked dresses, jackets, bibs, and cot-covers made up the baby's layette, and Mrs. Briguglio's own trousseau included embroidered nightdresses of fine Italian silk, intricately worked linen blouses, and even hand-embroidered linen sheets.

Mrs. Briguglio has found it hard to sell her hand work in

Australia and, before her baby was born, worked as a machinist. Now she hopes to build up a "home industry" in the small, bright cottage at Liverpool.

Miss Mary Ellis, of Mount Eliza, Victoria, who won second prize in Section One, took three months to work the supper-cloth she entered and which she intends to give to her mother.

Miss Ellis became interested in embroidery when she took a course in school-badge making before the war.

Months of work

THIRD prize-winner in the same section, Mrs. Kathleen Waller, of Hobart, who took five months to make her entry, is a 29-year-old housewife with a son five and a daughter three.

First prize in Section Two went to Miss V. Hainsworth, of Sandringham, Vic., whose colorful tray-cloth was one of the most original entries.

Miss Hainsworth, an art and embroidery teacher at the Sunshine Technical School, taught herself needlework when she was asked to take embroidery classes at the school.

She does little embroidery in her spare time because her real hobby is painting, both portraits and landscapes. She is also interested in Australian shells and recently returned from a shell-collecting tour of the eastern coast.

Miss Annie Driffin, of Ballarat, Vic., who won second

prize in that section, already has 5430 prizes to her credit for embroidery she has entered in Victorian shows.

Mrs. Bill Sturrock, of East Brighton, Vic., who won first prize in Section Three, was a journalist in Fleet St., London, before her marriage and attended evening embroidery classes at the Countess of Athlone's Royal School of Needlework.

"Our teacher there, Joan Lander, did a lot of the embroidery on the Queen's Coronation gown and embroidered the seats of the tall chairs for the different dukes at the ceremony," said Mrs. Sturrock.

Second prize-winner in Section Three, Miss Mary Frances Mearns, of Dunedin, N.Z., learnt embroidery at the King Edward Technical College, Dunedin, where she has since become a teacher.

Third prize-winner, Miss Florence Bell, of Nhill, Vic., is "essentially a country woman and outdoors worker."

Birds are Miss Bell's favorite subject for embroidery design, and she used them in the supper-cloth and table-centre which she entered in the contest.

In Section Four, for men only, Mr. Stuart Hedberg, of Maryborough, Qld., won first prize, although it was the first time he had entered a contest.

A 34-year-old bachelor, Mr. Hedberg learnt embroidery when he gave up his job as a shop-assistant to nurse his late mother. She was an invalid for seven years and he made a hobby of embroidery as he sat at her bedside.

Mr. Hedberg, who now keeps house for his father, finds a ready market for his fine needlework.

Mr. Alan Cameron, of Rosevale, Waitahuna, N.Z., second prize-winner in the same section, began embroi-



SCHOOLGIRL Anne Douglas, of Warrnambool, Vic., who won first prize of £20 in Section 6. She learnt needlework from her mother and aunt, who are both needlewomen.



JUNIOR WINNER Shirley Ann Braumann, of Dunedin, who won first prize of £50 in Section 5. Shirley is a student at King Edward Technical College, Dunedin, N.Z.

dery when he watched his wife doing needlework on long winter evenings.

Mr. Cameron, who is a farmer, became so interested that he took embroidery lessons at adult education classes.

Old Digger

THIRD prize-winner, Mr. R. A. C. Fuller, of Laura, S.A., is a 63-year-old veteran Digger of World War I, who began embroidery 30 years ago when lung trouble necessitated a long rest.

A fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, Shirley Ann Braumann, of Dunedin, N.Z., who won first prize in Section Five, completed her entries in classes at the King Edward Technical College.

Wilma Gambold, of Blackburn, Victoria, who won second prize in Section Five, got the idea for the design on the supper-cloth she entered when she was at school.

Third prize-winner in the class, Miss Rosina Nichols, is

a 17-year-old bank ledger-keeper who began embroidery at the age of nine.

Schoolgirl Anne Douglas, of South Warrnambool, Victoria, won first prize in Section Six with centres which she worked in school holidays.

Anne, who will keep her entries for local shows, won 21 first prizes and 16 second prizes for embroidery at local agricultural shows last year.

Eleven-year-old Pat Phillips, of Moorooka, Brisbane, who won second prize in Section Six, won her first award when she was 9, and has since earned £12 in prize-money for embroidery.

Third prize-winner, Miss Jean Bamber, of Dunedin, N.Z., is taking a Domestic Science course at the King Edward Technical College. She worked her entry at the end of term after completing her syllabus course.

● See prize-winning entries in color, overleaf.



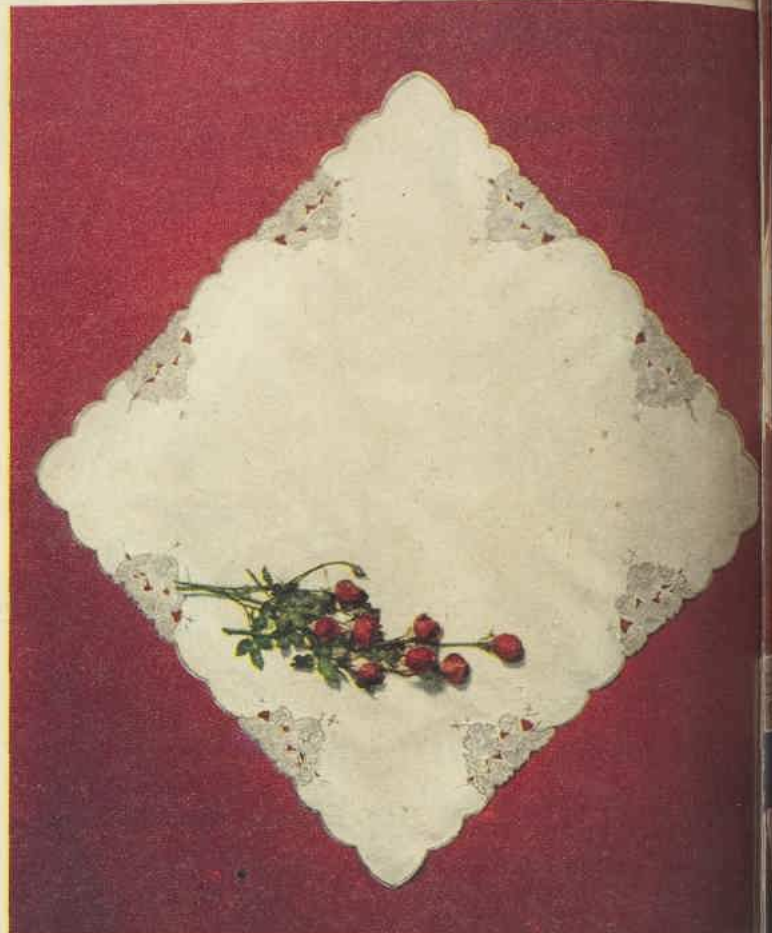
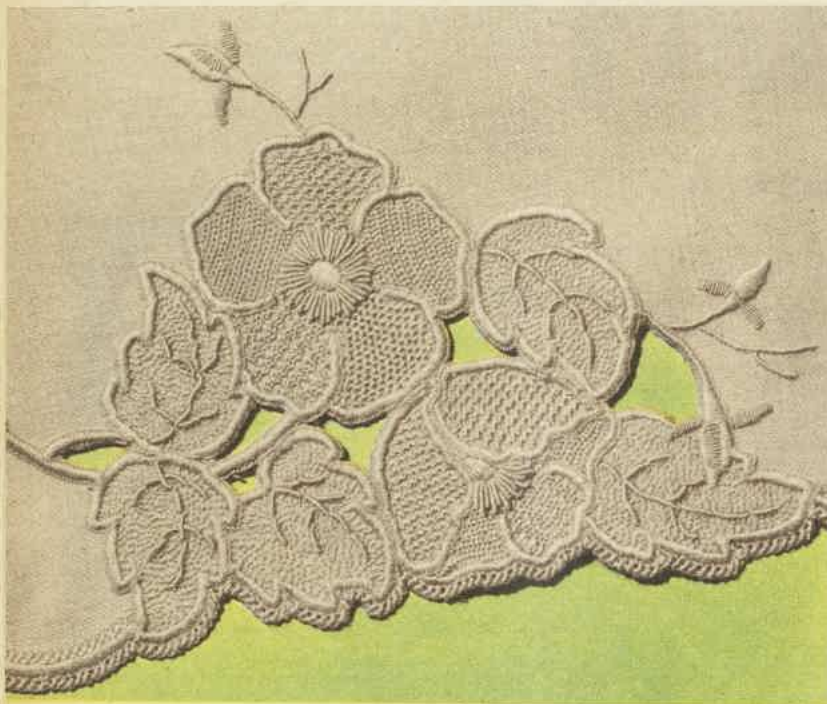
EMBROIDERY enthusiast Mr. Stuart Hedberg, of Maryborough, Qld., who won first prize of £75 in Section 4. He learned needlework while nursing his mother and now sells it profitably.

MAIN PRIZEWINNERS IN £2000 CONTEST

● Illustrated on these two pages are the eight exquisite pieces which won the main prizes in our £2000 Embroidery Contest. (See previous page for the complete list of prizewinners.)

All prizewinning entries are to be displayed in the capital cities of every State. The first exhibition will be held in Sydney at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, opening on February 9.

The feature of this array is, of course, the superb supper-cloth which won for a Gosford, N.S.W., entrant the Grand Champion Prize of £500. According to the panel of judges it is a masterpiece in fine stitchery; in fact, all the prizewinning entries, in addition to their versatility, display remarkable skill in craftsmanship.



GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE OF £500 was awarded for the superb all-white supper-cloth (above) entered in our contest by Miss Mavis Marsh, "Avon," 23 Etna St., Gosford, N.S.W. At left: A sectional close-up of the beautiful cutwork design shows in detail the embroidery stitches and border treatment. The judges acclaimed the craftsmanship of the embroidery in this piece. Not a single flaw in the stitchery was discernible.

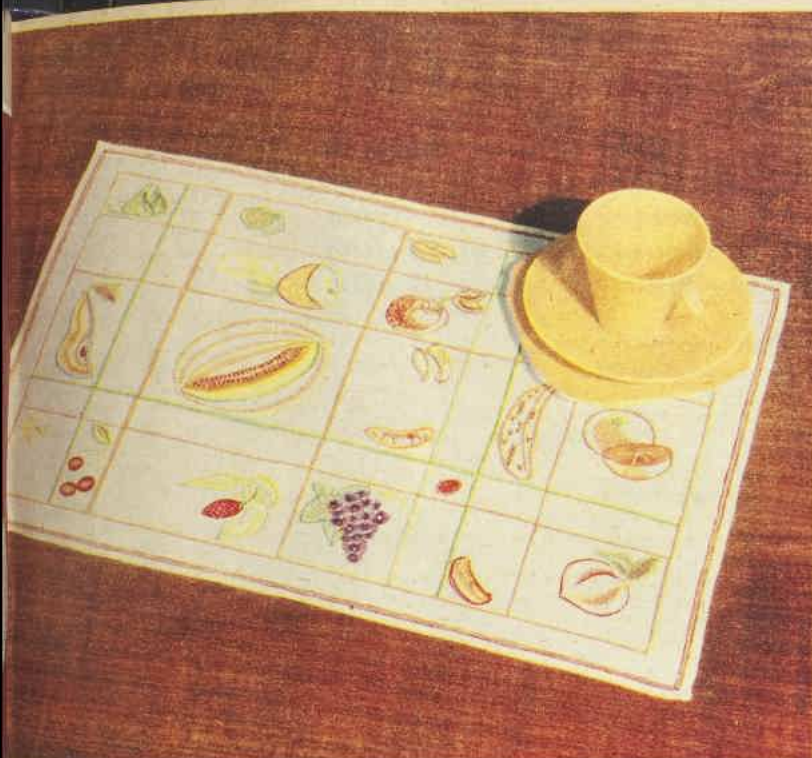


SECTION ONE £200 awarded to Mrs. L. Briguglio, 97 Market Street, Moorebank, Liverpool, N.S.W., for lace-edged satin-stitched supper-cloth on left.

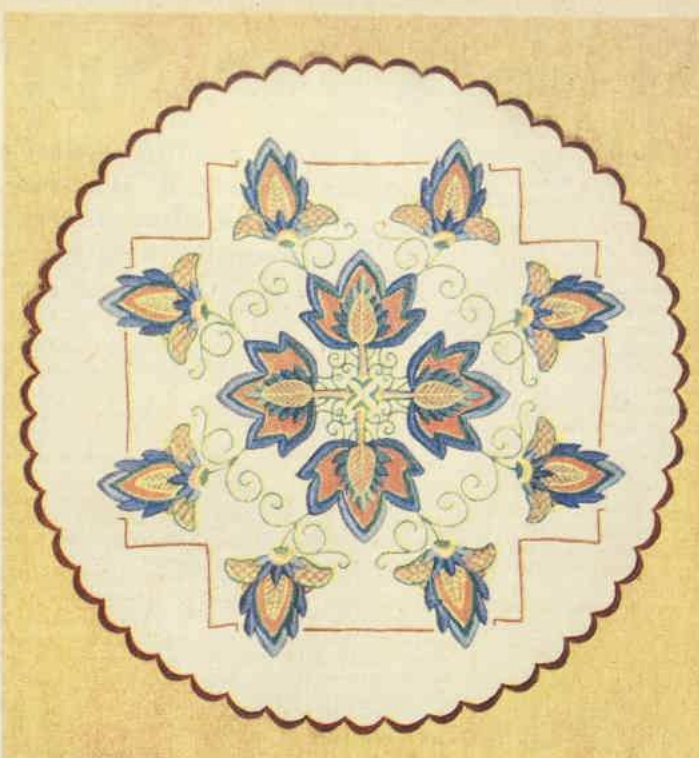
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SECTION ONE £100 awarded to Miss Mary Ellis, "Sunnyside," Boundary Road, Mount Eliza, Vic., for the Oriental-designed supper-cloth above.

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**SECTION TWO
FIRST PRIZE** £100 awarded to Miss V. Hainsworth, 147 Beach Road, Sandringham, Vic. Twenty-three different types of stitch were used in the decorative motifs on this traycloth, reminiscent of the quaint samplers of another age.



**SECTION TWO
SECOND PRIZE** £50 awarded to Miss Annie J. Droffin, 121 Windermere Street, Ballarat, Vic., for this richly colored and beautifully worked table-centre, which features a conventional design.



**SECTION THREE
FIRST PRIZE** £70 awarded to Mrs. Bill Sturrock, 40 Hodder Street, East Brighton, Vic., for this decorative cushion. The intricate design was worked with only a single thread.



**SECTION FOUR
FIRST PRIZE** £75 awarded to Mr. Stuart Hedberg, 196 Pallas Street, Maryborough, Queensland, for the charming sea or supper cloth, above.

**SECTION SIX
FIRST PRIZE** £20 awarded to Miss Anne Douglas, 10 Elliot Street, Warrnambool, Vic., for the centrepiece, below, entered in Juvenile Section.



**SECTION FIVE
FIRST PRIZE** £50 awarded to Miss Shirley Ann Braumann, King Edward Technical College, Dunedin, New Zealand, for this simple but striking supper-cloth entered in the Juvenile Section.



Waists for Spring, Paris decrees

THESE are the decrees of the Parisian designers, ordained at their new-season's parades in Paris last week.

The new waist, winning its way back to fashion again, is still not very pronounced—a link rather than a decision.

Christian Dior's new line is the "Arrow Line." It is slim and straight, short and high-waisted, with a sloping shoulder and sleeve line.

Belts, bows, horizontal folds or seams mark the high-waist level just under the bust.

Some of his day dresses have an indication of the waist at the front, but are slender and straight at the back. Many of his evening dresses fall straight from bust draperies in a directoire line.

His skirts are short—just below the knee.

Caracaras are a Dior favorite. These are straight camisole-like jackets which stop at the natural waistline. They mostly have deep, rounded necklines and tiny sleeves. He makes them in soft wools to wear with Arrow Line day dresses and in silk and chiffons for evening wear.

In following the general Paris trend of high waistlines Dior hasn't entirely excluded other styles.

Many of his dresses are belted at the natural waistline. Some of these have shirtwaist tops and box-pleated

• Next spring waists will be back—faintly marked and unbelted, it's true, but still waists. Busts will be small and high, skirts will be shorter (16 inches from the ground), and hips will be non-existent, giving the fashionable figure for 1956 the lines of a lean giraffe.

By MARCELLE POIRIER, our representative who attended the Paris openings

skirts. Others have soft bodices and balloon skirts with unpressed gathers round the waist.

Fabrics, Dior says, should "caress the waist" rather than mark it.

Balmain, however, draws attention to it with deep cummerbund belts.

But he has not yet completely abandoned the column line, even though it is now gently waisted and relieved here and there by slightly flaring skirts, inset panels, and flying panels.

But even in the fullest-skirted models, hips are still played down, with fullness flaring below them and never adding to their importance.

Jean Desses also follows the high-bosomed, high-waisted silhouette. He achieves it often with a wide box pleat narrower at the waist than at the hem. Many of his silk dresses have an inverted pleat at the back and are bloused just below the waist.

Like Balmain, Desses

succeeds in adding swathings and draperies to the hipline without destroying the hipless silhouette.

Patou shows gently flowing, flaring skirts and a subtle, generally raised bustline. Interest is focused on the front, with folded, buttoned, or knotted panels.

There are suits with pleated bell skirts. Jackets have short basques and very often short sleeves. Coats have con-

trolled fullness at the back, but there are also coats and jackets with an extremely full backward drift.

Manguin and Heim favor styles which mould the figure in front and swing loose at the back. Patou introduces a new blouse style. His jumpers and jackets in soft crepes and airy silks are bloused all the way round just below the waist. They are worn with pencil-slim skirts.

FABRICS AND COLORS Paris is using are both soft and subtle. Fine, leatherweight wool, soft jersey, alpaca, shantung, and silk tweeds are popular for day wear. For formal wear there are silk and wool mixture jerseys and wool organza. Crepe marocain has been revived and is used for soft two-pieces as well as for shirtwaist dresses with pleated or softly flared skirts. For evening wear tulle, shaded chiffon, organdie, and fine lace are favored.

Navy-blue, re-named "summer-black," heads the popular color list. After it comes off-white in all shades from cream-pearl to shell-pink, duckegg-blue, and almond-green. Less popular but still there to lend a spice to the fashion picture are more brilliant tones — parma-violet, turquoise-blue, and wattle-yellow.

Jacques Heim's "Flight Line" is a profile line with a backward drift. The fullness at the back is accentuated by flying panels, inserted pleats, and flares starting above the waistline, often from below a martingale belt or bow.

The sides and front of the "Flight Line" are slender and waisted, and the general impression is of subtle slenderness.

Many of the Manguin dresses are princess-style. They have doll's-head necklines and only a suspicion of a sleeve. They are topped with long jackets or waisted tunics which slip over the head.

Manguin has revived the little black dress, for many years an essential part of a Paris wardrobe.

The revival's skirts are either slim and softly draped or full, with the fullness blossoming from circular or triangular hip yokes that are extensions of the bodice.

Balmain, a pastmaster at the art of moulding a slender silhouette,

often achieves his effect with swathed hiplines and pleated skirts of flying panels. Despite their slenderness, his styles are essentially feminine.

Genevieve Fath, in complete contrast to the general trend of fashions, has nipped in the waistline at its natural level, and has rounded the hipline of slender skirts.

This style will be welcomed by those women who feel happier with well-marked waists.

Her suits with horizontal folds and cornered pockets pushing up the bustline are very trim and gay. They have collars and sleeve edgings of pleated, fluted, and tucked lawn. Some suits and frock-coats have large, flared jabots.

Ribbon also plays an important part in Fath's collection. Tiny waists are accented by bands of satin or by silk jersey belts four to five inches wide.

Castillo Lanvin's "Corset Line" gives width at the hem and stresses a high, narrow bustline. The waistline is indicated, but only just.

Evening coats are rolled round the body tightly at the bust and fall loosely at the hem.

In coats, dresses, and jackets of all kinds buttons are of great importance. They have taken the place of costume jewellery, which, indeed, has almost disappeared from the scene.

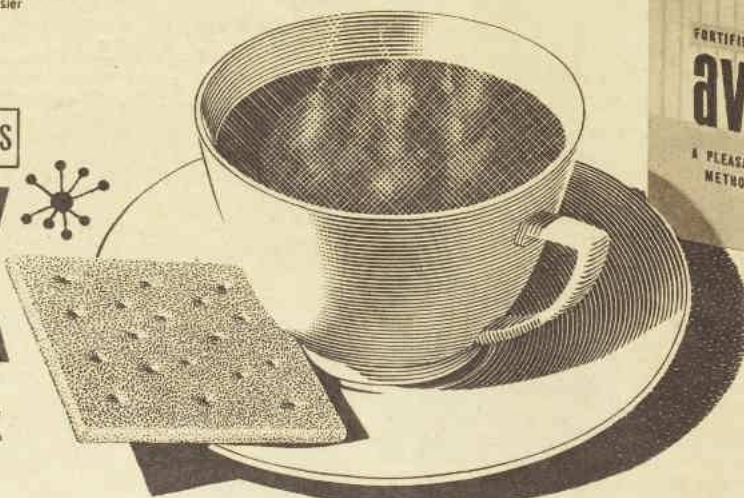
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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"All you have to do is turn it on. I'll be home at 5 o'clock."

MOTHER



"Gimme an old rag to wipe this... Gimme your handkerchief."

It seems to me

MEMORY, fortunately, is inclined to gloss over facts. There was a good instance of this in comments made by women among the first-night audience of "The Boy Friend," the musical comedy which is the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's current production in Sydney.

Those who had themselves worn the fashions of the 'twenties were saying, "But the girls' hips are bigger nowadays. We didn't look quite as funny."

The ideal for the 'twenties was the paling-fence, or death-warmed-up, silhouette. Fortunately for the future of the race it was, in reality, no commoner then than now.

Most girls made a valiant effort to conceal what are today regarded as natural charms. They starved, they wore constricting undergarments, and they adopted a round-shouldered stance.

They envied the few, but who would now grudge the flat girls their brief glory?

The young girls in the audience at "The Boy Friend" felt sure they could never be persuaded to don anything so funny as the clothes of the 'twenties.

But pretty young girls look pretty in anything, if it's the mode of the moment.

Fashion is always serious when current, amusing when past, though it's true that the 'twenties provide a high point of comedy in the history of dress.

Those brief, sleeveless, shapeless dresses had one great advantage for anyone skilled at sewing. They were the quickest ever to make.

A friend of mine claims the record. She made a black marocain evening dress in a 35-minute train journey from Melbourne to her suburb.

"It had a seam on one side," she recalls with a dreamy air, "and the other side fell in a drape. Just a scoop for the neck and openings for the arms. And I wore two big carnations on the point of my left hipbone. It looked marvellous."

THE infallible filing system, if such a thing exists, is not common.

There are nowadays more cartoon jokes about wrong filing than about mothers-in-law. Nor is the confusion confined to offices.

A customer at one of the big Sydney food stores the other day was looking for frozen strawberries in the fruit section of the freezing units.

She couldn't find them, but, on inquiry, was assured they were there.

She went back, fished round among loganberries and raspberries, then asked again at the counter.

The salesman came to help her.

"Here you are," he said triumphantly.

"Under cream, of course—strawberries and cream."



Dorothy Drain

PICTURES in this issue of winning entries in our Embroidery Contest remind me of a girl who took up embroidery for an unusual purpose.

She had booked her passage for a sea trip and suddenly surprised her mother by demanding to be taught lay daisy stitch, which, she had heard, was suitable for a binner.

Next she bought a trace apron, spent a laborious hour filling in one corner, and packed it among her shoe board clothes.

"Surely," asked her mother (a woman who had never made a travel bag in her life), "you intend to play deck games and meet some nice young men?"

"I hope so," replied the cautious girl, "but first I'll sit in a deck-chair and look the field over. But I don't want to stare or seem anxious. One can look up easily from within. If I read a book I can't observe what's approaching."

The plan worked well. She took the apron on three cruises.

Eventually she met her husband on a boat. He was a chainstore efficiency expert and was convinced that it was more economical to buy aprons than embroider them.

This was fortunate, because our heroine never did finish hers.

AN illuminating note on changing domestic habits, brought about by packaged foods and careers for wives.

The other Saturday afternoon I rang a married woman who works during the week. "Hang up and I'll ring you back," she said, adding apologetically, "I know it's eccentric of me, but I'm just putting a batch of biscuits in the oven."

NEW drugs which relieve tension and produce a calm, cheerful outlook may eventually banish "the blues," according to recent scientific reports.

A mid-Victorian lady whose looks were blessed by fate

Had no recourse to artifice for aid. And if her cheeks were pallid and her hair was lank and straight, she faced the facts and that's the way she stayed.

She yearned for rouge and lipstick, but to use them didn't dare.

No lady could, without inviting known Such comments as: "Her color? Well, perhaps you wouldn't care. But rumor is she gets it from a box." That attitude's outmoded; it doesn't pay a slur

To fix a face that tends to be a flop. But what of cheerful natures, if critics purr,

"She buys her disposition from a shop."



PIPED FROM THE CHURCH by Mr. Donald Robertson (right), Bruce Hunt and his bride leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, with attendants (from left) Dermot Ryan, Flora Kelman, Ken Scott, Ann Hunt, Bob Campbell, Nan Tancred, Ron Woods, Helen Hunt, Don Whiteman, and Margaret Statham. Bride was Jocelyn McLean, of North Star.



LEAVING All Saints', Woollahra, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Michael White. The bride was Judy Crossing, younger daughter of Mrs. Evelyn Crossing, of Woollahra, and the late Mr. W. S. Crossing. Michael is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. White, of "Belltrees," Scone.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE picnic racing season will soon be in full swing, and country hosts and hostesses will have yet another opportunity to display their traditional hospitality.

The Crookwell races, which will be held on February 16, are first away from the barrier. Mrs. W. J. Bushell, wife of the president of the Picnic Race Club, tells me that instead of the usual ball held after the races Crookwell will repeat last year's successful innovation, a dinner-dance.

In the next few weeks there's a full programme for country racing enthusiasts, with the Boorowa picnics on February 23, followed by Glen Innes on February 28 and 29, and Goulburn on March 1.

IT'S a honeymoon trip to Tasmania for newlyweds Kevin and Margaret Bouffler, who expect to be in Sydney again at the end of this month. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Kevans, of Scone, and Kevin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Bouffler, of Concord.

RECENTLY married Ken and Patricia Edden are settling into a flat in Newcastle, their new home. Patricia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Curtis, of Artarmon, and Ken is the son of Mrs. M. Edden, of Newcastle, and the late Mr. Edden.

ATTRACTION Rosemary King and her fiance, Max Elliott, will be married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on April 6 . . . ten days after Max arrives home from a tour of Japan. He is vice-captain of the combined Australian universities' football team, which leaves to play Japanese students in a series of matches at the end of February. Rosemary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. King, of Vaucluse, will be attended by her sister, Mrs. Richard Holliday, Mrs. Scotty Barnes, Faye Elliott, and Marianne Stenstrom.



RECENTLY ENGAGED. Susan de Salis, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George de Salis, of "Longfield," Delegate, with her fiance, Bill Dovey. Bill is the only son of Mr. Justice Dovey and Mrs. Dovey, of Vaucluse.

WONDERFUL voyage abroad is ahead for Joan Rich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. B. Rich, of Elizabeth Bay. Joan recently announced her engagement to Fred Grimwade, of Toorak, Melbourne. With Fred and his mother, Mrs. Erick Grimwade, Joan will leave for England on board Stratheden early in March. The travellers will be away for about nine months.

THERE'S certainly no shortage of footwear right now for Mrs. Jack McNally, of Newport. Just back from six months overseas, Mrs. McNally tells me she's brought home twenty-five pairs of shoes from the various countries that she and her husband visited.

AFTER a motoring honeymoon through Victoria and South Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Hopgood will return to make their home at Keith's property, at Corbie Hill, via Leeton. Bride, formerly Winifred Triebel, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Triebel, of Leeton.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Pat Devir return to Sydney in Largs Bay on February 25, after three years overseas, their friends will meet a new member of the family . . . Mr. and Mrs. Devir's six-month-old daughter Michala. Michala was born in London.

BRIEFLY . . . From Brisbane, Professor John Tyrer, his wife, and small sons, John and David, are on holiday here.

Anne



MATRONS OF HONOR at the White-Crossing wedding are (from left) Mrs. David Joseland, Mrs. Laurence Street, and Mrs. Colin Ryrie, who is the bride's sister. They wore short dresses of white organdie, the skirts threaded with madonna-blue chiffon to match their "Fascinator" head-dresses.



THEATREGOERS. Attractive Jennifer Roche and David Burke arrive at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, for the opening night of "The Boy Friend."

Susan Brown from New York



Special Offer!

Are you one of those lucky women with naturally "young," moist lips? Then Michel "FIRM" is the lipstick texture for you. It is the only truly firm but satin-smooth lipstick that will stay on longer than any other lipstick you can buy. And, because of Michel's chromatic formula, your lips will sparkle with new depths of clear, vibrant color.

Are you one of the 43 per cent. of women who complain of "dryness"? Then you need worry no more! Michel "CREAMY" lipstick contains precious masheen—the wonderful new moisturising agent—to help restore youthful moisture to your dry lips. And, thanks to Michel's Chromatic Formula, your lips will shimmer with new depths of comfortable, stay-on-longer colour.

To take advantage of this exclusive privilege offer to readers of Australian Women's Weekly

Reports on two Sensational Lipstick Advances

DRAMATICALLY linking the science of colour reflection with cosmetics, American beauty ambassador Georgette Michel has evolved a revolutionary formula for producing a lipstick with "three dimensional" colour.

Back in New York, after an intensive fact-finding campaign in Australia, before the marketing of the new lipstick in the Commonwealth, she said that research on the "3D" or "Chromatic Formula" lipstick has been based on penetrating studies into the natural laws of colour reflection.

"Certain colours reflect light, others absorb it," she explained. "The exciting fact is that our Long Island laboratories have at last been able to isolate and blend colours which actually 'throw back' the light, gleaming with life and vitality, giving new depth to lipstick colour."

"With Michel's Chromatic Formula, the colours now 'stay true'—are less apt to change when subjected to such bodily chemicals as saliva—because they anticipate and make allowance for the X quantity . . . human element."

People are different

Thoughtfully fingering a charm bracelet dangling tiny gold charms of maps of the Commonwealth and individual Australian States, Georgette Michel said it was because of the "differences" in people that she had made her recent trip to Australia.

"What is right for American women is not necessarily right for French women . . . nor does it follow that the needs of English women parallel those of Australian women."

"The difference in climate and personality make entirely different demands . . ."

"To be frank, I was quite amazed by the versatility of Australian women."

"So often I was entertained by socially prominent women who not only looked glamorous and were most gracious hostesses, but I later found out they did their own housework and cookery and quite often made their own dresses."

"The acuteness of business girls in selecting interchangeable clothes and colours for round-the-clock wear also really caught my fancy."

"They seem to be able to do all sorts of things in a day and manage to look right in the part."

"While I was in Australia we conducted an extensive survey on a complete cross section of Australian women which showed us what they like . . . what they don't like . . . and what they want from a lipstick."

"The survey confirmed my contention that women in various climates have individual cosmetic needs."

Answer to dryness

"After this nation-wide check I was surprised to find that 43 per cent. of Australian women experience a 'dry' condition of the skin, although they are not necessarily always aware of this."

"An interesting fact, too, is that dryness does not apply to any specific age group or walk of life."

"Ageing dryness was often found to affect young women, while many among the mature still had moist-textured 'young' lips . . ."

"This dryness became as real a challenge to our laboratory workers while I was in Australia, as the battle to discover the 'Chromatic Formula'." Georgette Michel went on . . .

"I reasoned that producing a fabulous '3D' lipstick was going to lose quite a lot of the 'kick' so far as we were concerned, if we did not also make



Miss Georgette Michel, Vice-President,
Michel Cosmetics Inc., New York.

it available in a new lipstick which would really do something for women and girls who are harassed by this 'dry problem'."

With a smile like a squirrel with nuts tucked away for the winter, Georgette Michel took an intriguing gold lipstick from a drawer in her desk and, handing it over to me, said . . .

"There is the ALL-TIME answer to dryness . . . our new 'Creamy' lipstick."

"For the percentage of Australian women who are affected by dryness, we have elaborated the Chromatic Formula to include a special preparation, which, for simplicity's sake, I'll call 'perma-sheen' . . ."

"It completely liquidates dryness."

"We have named this new lipstick 'Creamy' to distinguish it from our 'Firm' lipstick, which women who are not troubled by dryness should use."

"Although 'Creamy' has a permanent moisture which stays as truly as the colour content, there is no running, no greasiness or 'feathering out' . . ." she assured.

"It is the sort of lipstick that those girls who really live on the beach at Bondi and women who get burned up in that outback will just go crazy about," she chuckled.

"I wish my father were here to see the day" . . .

Dark-haired, hazel-eyed, magnolia-skinned Georgette Michel, who in private life is the wife of a former Canadian doctor, now practising in New York, has the distinction of being one of the younger top-rank executives in this city.

With her French-born mother, Mrs. Irene Michel, she carries on one of the highest-prestige cosmetic firms in the United States.

The firm was founded by her father, George Michel, who pioneered the use of modern lipstick with his invention of a pale mandarin-shaded lipstick which deepened to a healthy pink when applied to the lips.

"My father's knowledge of the subtleties of chemistry as applied to cosmetics really brought about a revolution in make-up for women shortly after the First World War," she proudly recalls.

His basic formula and secrets in blending fruit-tree oils to perfume his products are still closely guarded by the family.

Both "Creamy" and "Firm" are perfumed with

a fresh and fragrant yet haunting perfume distilled from the oils of citrus trees.

"We do feel this is an epoch-making moment in the history of the Michel organisation," Georgette Michel added, producing her "trump card."

"So that Australian women can sample my two consistencies, I have designed this interesting and wonderfully compact little 'two-in-one' lipstick tester."

"Now every woman can discover for herself which of our two textures, 'Firm' or 'Creamy', is best suited to her complexion needs."

* * *

And here is the most exciting news of all. Before Miss Georgette Michel left Australia, arrangements were made with The Australian Women's Weekly for a special bonus offer to Women's Weekly readers that is something out of the box. So that you can try these two wonderful new lipsticks . . . experience the thrill of Michel's new "three-dimensional" colour . . . Michel offers through The Australian Women's Weekly a special and exclusive double-ended gold-case lipstick that costs only 1/9 post free!

This double-ended lipstick is really unusual. You'll be proud to have it in your handbag. You'll simply love to use it, and your friends will never, never believe that it cost only one shilling and ninepence.

Michel has chosen two exciting colours for you, two luscious, bright, true reds. In Michel "FIRM" your colour is Raspberry and in "CREAMY" a wonderful new colour—"Red Pepper."

* * *

Michel's exciting lipstick offer to readers of

The Australian Women's Weekly

To obtain one of these double-ended "tester" lipsticks, fill in your name and address in clear block letters on the coupon below, cut it out, and mail it to Box 5227BB, Melbourne, enclosing postal note or stamps to the value of 1/9.

1/9

Please send me a double-ended lipstick of Michel Creamy and Michel Firm.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Women's Weekly post this coupon now!





SATURDAY-NIGHT twosome (above), pearly faille, beltless, princess-line dress with a jacket to wear for its non-dancing moments. The dress has a pretty, scooped neckline; the bosom-length jacket is finished with a pussy-cat bow in crisp taffeta.

Party dresses

Here are some gay new ways to look — and fascinate him, too—when the lights are low and the gaiety high. Try the glamor of gold-and-white separates or the romance of snowy-white lace. For that "don't dress" date look slick and chic in a willowy, swirling-skirt dress and matching slip-off jacket.

—Candy Hardy



FABULOUS but casual way to look at party-time (left). Separates in gold and white are paired off to glamorous effect. White wrist-length gloves, narrow gold belts, and gold slippers complete the ensemble. Glitter is autumn news.

RIPPLE
new
party
look

o please a boy...



RED velvet is chosen for the (above) and nominated as the winner for the autumn-winter. Note the matching velvet hair Alice-in-Wonderland style.

PALE BROCADE, which is autumn teenage fashion news, is chosen for the dress and short matching jacket (right). The dress has a satin-cuffed camisole top, and stiffened skirt bellie to the hem from a willowy, beltless waistline.















SNOWY LACE and a gilded belt (above) is a wonderful duet for any party girl. The dress is simply designed with a tiny collar and short sleeves. It is worn with white satin sandals.



WHIRLING SKIRT in white taffeta and a sleeveless petal top in black velvet with a scoop neckline are combined in the chic, street-length dance dress above.

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning FEB. 13

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Lucky color for love, red. ★ Gambling colors, red and blue. ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. ★ Your luck lies in competition.	★ Don't press others if you see they happen to be in a black mood. You cannot afford to antagonise associates, or those on whom your job depends.	★ Domestic or residential problems may prove baffling and a threat to your peace of mind. Make no final decisions under pressure of nervous tension.	★ Some of you have recently vowed that love is a greatly overestimated commodity; you're off it for life. Now you meet a fascinating stranger, and you're in again.	★ If you're one of a team, you'll meet with success, but as a Lone Wolf you'll fade right out of the picture. Many of you will be concerned with the surface of life.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Lucky color for love, blue. ★ Gambling colors, red and gold. ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. ★ There's luck at a social event.	★ Pursue whatever good fortune comes your way to a successful conclusion, and share some of it with partners, friends. There could be a piece of good news soon.	★ You may receive much in the way of advice or cheerful words from members of the household, but little practical help. If they are selfish, perhaps you waited on them.	★ If you're determined to push your boyfriend's career through social attempts to bring him into touch with the "right people," he may rebel and prefer his old cronies.	★ You will prefer to get on with one big stunt rather than scatter your efforts in half a dozen directions. A formal occasion may require thought.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 	★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Lucky color for love, grey. ★ Gambling colors, green and grey. ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. ★ You'll find luck travelling.	★ There's a lot of scheming going on, and you may pull strings without being visible to your opponents. Don't put yourself into a position from which you cannot retreat.	★ It is costly to live up to social obligations of an exaggerated kind, or to cater to a romantic mental picture of what is due you. Real friends do not expect it.	★ Should the beloved be the ambitious type eager to improve his or her mind, keep pace with new interests. It wouldn't hurt you to read something besides fiction.	★ A visit out of town could be the chief feature of your week, or you decide to switch from one group to a different activity. Associate with those from whom you can learn.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Lucky color for love, pastel. ★ Gambling colors, green and green. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. ★ Luck lies in a slip of paper.	★ Weigh your moves so that your financial basis does not suffer. It is risky to count on funds which you have not yet received. If you play safe you'll have no worries.	★ Your moods and attitudes have a great deal to do with the circumstances affecting your home life. Give and take is the essence of successful living.	★ Love comes in strange guise occasionally. Should you happen to meet a rather plain person, lacking social graces, it could be you will be reading on your future life-mate.	★ You may decline an invitation because you do not care for the crowd or one particular member of it, or you may be passed over when invitations are issued.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Lucky color for love, black. ★ Gambling colors, yellow and black. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday. ★ Your luck lies in partnership.	★ One really big project appears to fill your week. This could be either in your place of employment or your place of residence. Take precautions against interruptions.	★ Persuade the family to pitch in and help with a number of odd jobs which have been held back by lack of time or material. This could lead to utilising old possessions.	★ This is the period of the year most favorable to love and marriage. Middle-aged Leo subjects renew romance, youngsters ones set the date for the wedding.	★ Mix bravely with all sorts of people. A clinging to one social circle is risky, for if it breaks up you have no one else to fall back on. Travel into a new world.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Lucky color for love, yellow. ★ Gambling colors, green and yellow. ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. ★ Luck lies in a hidden talent.	★ With all your good intentions, there is a scattering of forces. This will be due to emotional reactions, which hamper your efficiency. Don't let private affairs interfere.	★ You acquire new standards of homemaking. This could give you zest for minor improvements, more varied meals, more attractive dressing for yourself.	★ If you're facing the dawn of a slowly developing attachment, little signs of devotion become important. A gift or some special gesture should gladden your heart.	★ Some project on which you are working may so fill your thoughts that you resent interruptions and regard sociability as a waste of time. This will pass quickly.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Lucky color for love, rose. ★ Gambling colors, rose, purple. ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. ★ You'll stumble on your luck.	★ Active participation in some plan could do much to bring you out of your shell. You may refuse to join in and later change your mind. You'll be glad you did.	★ A stroke of good fortune in a speculative matter may affect certain modest plans for your home. You expand them into a number of drastic changes.	★ Do you believe in love at first sight? This could happen to you, but keep it to yourself if you don't want to be teased. Amusement could rub off the bloom.	★ If a teenager, social affairs and romance are all mixed up together. You may be asked to step out with the boyfriend on a very special party. Partnerships flourish.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Lucky color for love, rainbow. ★ Gambling colors, combinations. ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. ★ Luck will be put in your hand.	★ Protect yourself from work and travel hazards, leaving nothing to chance or the absentmindedness of others. If called upon to take orders, make concessions.	★ Your sign is happy in new quarters, but tends to grow bored if facing the same old scene for long. Many moves become expensive, so you would be wise to stay put.	★ If you've been hasty, jumped to conclusions not justified by a true version of the facts, don't be too proud to own up and apologise. If you can't, love is not very deep.	★ You seem disinclined to wander far from home. Most of you want time out from the social battle to rest your nerves, but you will be thinking over new interests.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24—DECEMBER 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Lucky color for love, blue. ★ Gambling colors, navy blue, purple. ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. ★ Your luck lies in a speech.	★ You could be a Good Samaritan today if someone needs sympathy or material help. If entrusted with the confidence of others, be careful not to pass on a secret.	★ The visit of a relative could start a new chapter dealing with either permanent or temporary arrangements. Perhaps you share your home with someone.	★ You and the beloved may be separated because of a business trip or other circumstances, but you will have plenty of time for dreaming and planning.	★ You'll do most things on the spur of the moment and choose those which involve no work. You may spend more than you bargained for.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Lucky color for love, brown. ★ Gambling colors, brown, white. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. ★ Luck in practical matters.	★ Be on guard against the loss of your money, or that of others. Put any document of importance in a safe place and check back against errors in accounts or change.	★ One must pay in purse or in person. In other words, if you can't afford what you want, you may decide to do it yourself. Make sure you understand directions.	★ Working as a team, you and the one you love may carry through an important enterprise which is a valuable contribution to your own assets, or to those of a good cause.	★ Your leisure time is likely to be devoted to routine affairs about which you feel indifferent with your habitual associates. You begin to wish for a more exciting setup.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Lucky color for love, white. ★ Gambling colors, white, gold. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. ★ Luck in taking the initiative.	★ The daylight hours may be unexciting, filled with routine tasks, but many of you will devote your evenings to a special job dear to your heart.	★ If you've been at odds with your marriage partner, or a member of the household, you can find an amicable solution to the difficulties now. Diplomacy is your weapon.	★ Love is headed in your direction and may at this moment be camping on your doorstep. Since it may be quite prosaic, you are in danger of refusing to recognise it.	★ Your chance of serving on a committee may crop up suddenly and the decision to accept increased responsibility should be weighed carefully.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Lucky color for love, mauve. ★ Gambling colors, mauve, white. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. ★ There's luck in information.	★ It might be fun to knock off at the earliest possible moment and go on a little spree all by yourself, window shopping, investigating goods which arouse your interest.	★ Make sure your physical capacities are equal to the demands you place on them, whether at work or play. A moderate diet is especially important at present.	★ If a nurse, there's a fascinating doctor in the offing. If you work in an institution, it will be a member of the staff, if keen on sports it will be a rising champion.	★ You may be told a secret, or your own secret may come in some one. Going along to see a picture which appeals to you could be the highlight of your week.

Jeldi DESIGNS A PRETTY NEW SPREAD... CALLS IT "Laurel"



See the way the laurel of leaves forms the basis of this classic new design? "Laurel" is a clever one-colour bedspread designed to go with any furniture—old or new. Eleven colours. One belongs in your bedroom!

ASK FOR "LAUREL" DESIGN No. 349. Off-white, champagne, mushroom, rose, blue, green, gold, beige; also pastel blue, green and pink. Double and 1/2 bed sizes.

JELDI CHENILLE is as good as a tonic—it always looks so very, very pretty—saves you work and money. Sit on it, toss it in a cupboard—if JELDI Chenille—it can't crush. Wash it often—you won't ever iron it. Yet Jeldi Chenille actually grows softer, fluffier, prettier with years of wear.



JELDI MANUFACTURING PTY. LTD.

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Fly to amazing

Japan

*Combine an exciting holiday
with on-the-spot investigations
of business in Japan
and the Philippines!*



Fierce mask and ancient gestures used by costumed priest at Itsukushima Shrine to frighten away devils.

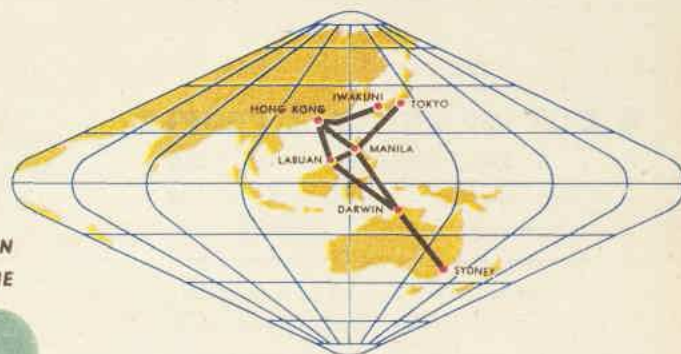
FRESH and remarkable business opportunities lie on every hand in the developing Philippines and in modern Japan. Both importers and exporters can, in these areas, find opportunities for trade which will well repay all on-the-spot investigation.

The Qantas Super-G Constellation service to Tokyo through Manila will allow you to make this investigation in weeks instead of months and, at the same time, enjoy one of the most fascinating holidays you have ever known.

Twenty-five hours from Sydney to Tokyo is the flying time for the Super-G Constellation. Just step aboard, stroll down the wide, carpeted aisle to your seat. Sink into its comfortable depths and in a few moments you're on your way. Chat with your neighbour, read, relax, doze or join a party for more talk, games or a refreshing drink.

Enjoy delicious, well-served meals. Your choice of fine beverages, including champagne, is available from the well-stocked flight bar. And, as night falls, lie back and be lulled to sleep by the murmur of the four mighty turbo-compound engines, quietened in this mighty airliner to a relaxing murmur.

You can arrange for tours to the most interesting vantage points before you leave Australia, and Qantas representatives and Australian trade officers will help you capitalise on business opportunities.



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DON'T LET TODAY'S TENSION CAST ITS SHADOW ON YOU!

Significant medical findings throw new light on today's tension and its effect on your general health . . .

Recent studies show that the demands of living in this hurry-scurry world take toll on your general health every day. Worry, strain, stress, headache and nerve pain are symptoms of a health pattern that leads from minor non-specific ills to chronic health disorders. Stress can kill! The stress of today's tension is mirrored in the faces around you—it's up to you to take positive action to defeat the symptoms before they tear down your natural health defences.

'ASPRO'

IS A SPECIFIC MEDICINE FOR
THE RELIEF OF THOSE COMMON
SYMPTOMS OF TENSION

HEADACHE AND PAIN

The breakdown of your bodily health defences starts with worry and strain, leads to nervous stress, develops into headache, nerve pain and traces its effect only too clearly on your face. Don't let today's tension get you down . . . combat these symptoms sanely, safely.

Take 'ASPRO', the specific medicine for headache, colds and 'flu and the pain attendant on those many ills that seem part of today's living.



1 OUT OF EVERY 2 PEOPLE

. . . in other words, more than 1,000 million people in over a hundred countries are reached by 'ASPRO'—a specific medicine with a definite benefit to mankind. The familiar 'ASPRO' pack is in medicine chests, desk drawers, pockets and handbags the world over. When you protect your health the 'ASPRO' way you take positive action against headache, cold and 'flu and the attendant pain of those non-specific ills that affect us all.

THE SAFE RELIEF FROM TODAY'S TENSION
Nicholas' Product

purse seiner of yours. And you know it. You're in trouble."

"O.K., O.K.!" Rinaldo was scared now. "But you got to take a towing line and try!"

"You've got a powerful diesel engine, Gus, but no rudder. We've only got a small engine here, but we can steer. We can get you home all right, hooked on astern. Let's make a deal. We'll call it a towage charge."

Oscar turned to the girl: "How much is the note he holds against you?"

"Three hundred and forty-two dollars," Helen's eyes were sparkling. "And thirty-six cents," she said. "And we better add forty more for Mr. Randy's salmon rod."

When Oscar called the figure across, Rinaldo's face went purple. "That's robbery!"

"Salvage claims on a valuable boat like the Dominic would be a whole lot more. You suit yourself. We'll hail the first boat with a radio we see and get your trouble reported."

"O.K.!" Gus bellowed. "Get me out of here!"

"You write the agreement on paper and sign it!" Lardner motioned to Helen to take the wheel. She stirred the spokes, noting towards the Dominic.

"I'll send you a heaving line," he called. "Wrap the agreement in canvas and send it across with your towing lines."

Oscar was out of the cockpit now, coiled line in hand, working forward. Even up there in the dancing bows he seemed quiet and unperturbed, hauling the purse seiner's tow lines, making them fast to the bow bits. When he came aft again, he had Rinaldo's signed agreement in his hand.

"You don't have to worry any more," he told her, "about losing Harry's boat." He looked forward, hailing Gus Rinaldo in the Dominic. "All fast! Watch for my signals. Go slow ahead!"

Continuing . . . The Skipper Was a Dame

from page 16

Rinaldo shook both fists in the air before he ducked into the pilothouse to engage the clutch of his diesel.

The wind was fresh from south and west when they headed home. Oscar, at the wheel of the Laura B, kept his eyes on the Dominic. Gus stuck his head out of his wheelhouse window every now and then. He still looked pretty scared.

But they all felt fine in the Laura B. Her passengers babbled with pleasure, eating Helen's sandwiches. It was time Gus Rinaldo got his due! Even the two women aboard told Helen they thought her new boatman, Oscar, was the best fish skipper she'd ever had.

Helen Blanchard kept frowning about it, watching Oscar at the wheel. When he hauled the Dominic's stern around to head her in towards the Golden Gate, the fog still hung in the channel. Between pouring driffts, they caught a glimpse of Mile Rock Light. And that was when it happened. The Laura B's engine coughed. Oscar was reaching for the throttle when it died.

"The fuel line!" the girl cried instantly. "I thought I had it—!" She was through the scuttle, halfway into the cabin. Her head turned back, looking up. "I never get done with trouble!" she wailed. "Now what about the Dominic?"

"You do your best," said Lardner. "I'll take care of Gus." She was out of sight when Oscar tooted the Laura B's whistle. Rinaldo stuck his head out his pilothouse window.

"Our engine's conked," called Lardner. "Won't take long to fix. Meantime, you'll have to steer. Use us for a drag astern. I'll help you with my helm."

Rinaldo's head popped out of

sight. He left someone else at the throttle. He came lumbering aft himself. The purse seiner yawed a lot, but she steered with her drag all right. They were inside the headlands now. Gus didn't seem so scared any more. Peering across the water at the Laura B made fast to his towing lines, a sly glitter began to grow in his coal-black eyes.

That's how the big purse seiner and the little salmon boat came under the mist-draped bridge. They were in smooth bay water, sunlight breaking through, when the clanking of metal stopped in the cabin of the Laura B.

The girl came up with grease on her cheek to tell Lardner the engine would run again. And it did. The boats came neatly around Point Blunt, heading up for Rinaldo Harbor. Inside the sunlit entrance channel, Oscar cast off the Dominic's towing bridle, took her mooring lines to the wharf, and saw her safe and snug. Gus was very polite. Which wasn't natural.

The glitter was stronger than ever in Gus Rinaldo's eyes when he lumbered across the wharf. The Laura B's passengers were gone by then, happy as only sportsmen are when they're homeward-bound with more fish than they want or ever could eat.

Gus towered above the cockpit, the beginning of laughter in his throat.

"Helen," he said, "you got a pretty smart boatman there."

"Well, he brought you home," The girl looked up. "Just bring me the cancelled note, Rinaldo. I'll pay it off

with your IOU. I'll keep it till you do."

"Now let's not move so fast." Big Gus was having fun, his laughter rumbling a little. "I made the agreement," he said, "and it stands. But I got a little charge of my own to make against the Laura B."

"What charge? What are you talking about?"

"Let's call it a towage charge." The rumble was stronger now in Gus Rinaldo's throat. "Your engine conked. Remember? In dangerous water, too. You were supposed to be steering me. Instead of which, I was towing you! You'd have been pin the rocks, if I wasn't."

The laughter exploded now. "The Laura B was in imminent peril. That makes her liable to salvage claim. I'm reasonable, though. I'll only charge for towage. And since we didn't make any agreement, I'll set my price right now. It'll be exactly three hundred and eighty-two dollars." He laughed again. "And thirty-six cents!" he snapped. "You can hand my paper over, Helen. Your note's still due next week."

The girl's eyes blazed. "Your boatman is smart, all right. He just isn't smart enough."

"This boat was never in peril," Oscar Lardner said it quietly. "Gus always forgets that the Laura B is a working-boat, carrying working gear." He reached down and snapped the padlock shut in its hasp on the cockpit locker. Then he stood up with the key in his hand.

"All we had to do when our engine died," he said, "was to cast the Dominic adrift. We had every legal right to do it. We didn't. We held your lines.

Your rudder was gone and we steered you. That fulfils our contract. We could easily have worked the Laura B home alone if—"

Gus snorted disdainfully. "With oars, I suppose!" he roared.

"No. With canvas. There's a mainsail and a jib stowed in that locker. It wouldn't take any time at all to bend them on the Laura B's sailing mast. And the wind was fair. The only boat in peril was the Dominic."

"Now you write a cheque out, Gus. Right now! If you don't, we'll have that locker sealed and impound the key for evidence."

"Sails!" Rinaldo croaked. His black eyes darted from Oscar to the girl. Then all at once the glitter returned. "You got to know what you're doing with sails!" he blurted suddenly. "Helen Blanchard don't, that's sure." He was confident again. "No admiralty court would ever rule a truck-driver like you could—"

"Truck-drivers are first-rate people, Gus. I'm just not one of them. But I think I'd be called competent to handle the Laura B. Even under sail. It happens I'm a seafaring man. I've been sitting for my skipper's ticket over in San Francisco all this week."

"Master!" Rinaldo gasped. "Sea captain?" His jaw was sagging. "You!"

"As a matter of fact, I passed. You better write out that cheque."

Gus did. He looked pretty pale. He handed the cheque down without a word. He turned and went away. The girl had the slip of paper in her hand. She wasn't looking at it, though. She was looking at Oscar, a slow flush spreading upward from her throat.

"Oh, my gosh!" she was saying. "The things I said—and you a deep-water skipper! And I promised you fifteen dollars for wages!"

"I hope I was worth it." The glint of pleasure touched his eyes. "I'd spend it all taking you to dinner, if you didn't look so silly."

"Silly! Well, of all the—"

"There's engine grease on your cheek. Oscar doesn't like it."

"Well, I don't care if you—"

"Not me," said Oscar. "My namesake. Harry's tame pelican. Here he comes."

The ungainly bird was making a noisy landing on the cabin top. It waited expectantly.

"I think he deserves a fish," said Oscar. Reaching into the sawdust of a cardboard bait box, he tossed the sardine upward. The bird's long beak thrust outward, opening just in time, loudly clanking shut. "That's thanking you for having a name like mine," said Oscar. "Now how about dinner, Helen?"

"Any time, Captain Lardner." Her eyes were twinkling up at him. "But one thing bothers me. How in the world could you know that Harry had canvas in that locker there?"

"Because Harry is a sailor, and the Laura B is shoo-rigged. Any sailor who owns a boat with a sailing mast and running gear is bound to have a suit of sail tucked away."

"Harry would be proud to hear that, Oscar. Harry thinks a blue-water skipper is a pretty fine sort of man." Her eyes still twinkled up at him, and she looked more impish than ever. Her voice had that stirring sound. "To tell you the truth, Captain Lardner, I think so, too," she said.

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-you'll agree the
Morris Oxford is

Head of the family saloon-car class!



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MORRIS OXFORD

SERIES II

NUFFIELD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., A UNIT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

The Australian Women's Weekly - February 15, 1956

N.M.O. 15, H.P. Page 37

The Spring OF THE CURL PROVES IT'S A **Prom**



No Neutraliser!
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YOU'RE SURE OF SUCCESS EVERY TIME!

Just wet your hair with Prom, and curl it up. In 30 minutes rinse your head with warm water. That's all you have to do.

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USE WITH ANY HOME PERM CURLERS



12⁶

PROM is lanolin enriched to free your hair from frizz!

CANDY HARDY FROCK SERVICE

SMART TEENAGE SEPARATES

● This gay young skirt-and-blouse dress, designed to go places from now into autumn, can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew. The ensemble—we called it Lois—is modestly priced. The skirt is obtainable in five high-fashion colors; the blouse in five matching florals.



● The separates are on view and can be purchased at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They can also be ordered by mail. Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please make a second color choice, and also state size required.

THE separates are ideal to wear when you want to look "special" but not dressed-up. The trim blouse, with its new look of covered-up neckline and bared arms, is made in flower-printed, Tennyson-disciplined tissue cotton in shades to match the skirt material, with which it is trimmed. The skirt is made in a sundek material, which is guaranteed crease-resisting, non-shrink, and color-fast. The color choice includes blossom-pink, hydrangea-blue, clover-beige, spring-leaf-green, and violet-grey. Note: A special feature of the skirt

is the hemline, which is faced with the blouse material. The blouse and skirt may be purchased separately.
Ready to Wear: Skirt: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist 72/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist 52/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.
Ready to Wear: Blouse: Sizes 32 to 38in. bust 49/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 38in. bust 34/11. Postage and registration 1/6 extra. Postage and registration for complete ensemble 3/- extra.

**Louise Hunter
says:**

Here's your answer

Girls, and some boys, too, ruin the delightful love affairs of their teens by becoming possessive about one particular person. If you don't cast every person you go out with as your life partner, you'll have a much happier time.

ONE girl who wrote this week is missing a lot of fun by being too serious over a boy from whom she has parted. Here is her letter.

"FOR over two years I went with a boy whom I will call 'A.' We went everywhere together. One day we had an argument over another girl and I realised I had no hold over 'A,' although I loved him and he loved me. He took this other

girl out, but his affection was never so great for her as it was for me. After about eight weeks he took me out again to a dance. We had another argument because he thought I was outside with another boy when I went to the powder-room with a girl-friend. Since this row I have been out with three other boys. The last loves me but I cannot bring myself to do the same, as I still love 'A.' 'A' is now going with another girl, but I know he cannot get on with her and he still has feelings for me. I can't forget 'A,'

and I don't know which way to turn."

"Useless Love," Unley, S.A.
How about standing still for a bit and getting yourself sorted out? You sound very young to me, as if you have plenty of time ahead of you to learn to avoid tangles like this. "A" sounds happy without you, so leave him alone. If he wants you around and as you say "still has feelings" for you, he'll tell you without your taking any steps about it. One of the things that surprised me in your letter was your remark that although

"A" loved you and you loved "A," you "realised you had no hold over him." Love is just about the only hold anyone can have over another person; if you have that, nothing else is necessary.

"THERE is a young man of about 21 who for the past couple of days has been taking a fair bit of notice of me coming to work in the morning. I have known him by sight for a couple of years and he seems very nice. I think that eventually he will start talking to me. Do you think it will be all right to be friendly with him if he does speak to me? I am attracted to him, and I am 18. He is very nice-looking and dresses well."

"Wondering," Sydney.

The young man seems, from your description, to add up to someone with whom it would be nice to be friendly. He certainly sounds circumspect and you'll find out more about him if and when he starts talking to you. Also find out whether you want him to be just a travelling companion or something more. If it is something more, find out about his background before you accept any invitations from him.

"I AM 16 and in love with a young schoolteacher who is new to our school. He does not teach me, but I see him very often, and at these meetings he always becomes embarrassed. I am quite sure he loves me, but I do not



A word from Debbie . . .

● Rummage round for bargain daisies, the artificial kind, about as big as a two-shilling piece, sew them on to black velvet ribbon, wear them in your hair Alice-in-Wonderland style to your next party.

● Tropical Cream Foam is a made-in-a-jiffy sweet treat. Heat a tin of tropical fruit salad, stir in 1 dessertspoon custard-powder blended with a little water and 1 egg-yolk. Stir and cook for two minutes, cool, serve chilled. To make the sweet more substantial, serve the foam over wedges of plain cake or pile it into pastry cases or meringue shells.

● Wear your perfume on the tip of your nose and the crown of your head — it's the newest thing for dancing.

● Next time you make the starch for your petticoats, spear a cake of plain household soap on a skewer or the carving fork and stir the boiling starch with it for six to eight seconds. Your iron will slip easily over the material and your petticoat will have a glaze. Beware, though, of using this glazing starch on anything you don't want to shine.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

A NEW name on disc is that of The Jodimers, but the sound is not so new since three of this sextet are fugitives from Bill Haley's Comets. So, when they sing "Let's All Rock Together," on CP.1006, you'll find yourself on familiar ground. Flip is "Well Now, Dig This," which repeats the same formula of solid drive. It all depends on whether rock 'n' roll is new jive to you, but, nevertheless, this style, which has done duty for many, many years, may yet say something to members of the Blue Jeans

Brigade. "Jodimers" is made up from letters in the names of the lads concerned.

★ ★ ★
HOW hard it must be for Dean Martin to play straight feed to zany Jerry Lewis when, among other things, he is a good vocalist. He airs his pipes on CP.1002 with Line Renaud, who is possibly French . . . at least her intermittent French accent suggests as much. Ditty is "Two Sleepy People," a classic by Hoagy Carmichael and Frank Loesser. Frank, who is now the fated tunesmith of "Guys

and Dolls," has come a long way since his tune was first warbled by Bob Hope and Shirley Ross.

★ ★ ★
ON the other side of their platter, Dean and Line suggest that we "Relax-Ay-Voo." It all sounds like an echo from "Can Can," but the fact remains that the tune, aided by a spelling which is reduced to the lowest common level of juke-box intelligence, will make this disc a best seller for the next few months to come.
— BERNARD FLETCHER.

know how much. Should I make my feelings known to him?"

"Frustrated Teenager," Vic.

You certainly should not. Always remember that it is the gentleman's job to do the pursuing and make the first declaration of love. There are, of course, sophisticated circles where the ladies have been known to reveal their true feelings first, but girls of 16 should keep a girl's place. Keeping a girl's place in your case means keeping your eyes off your teacher and your nose in your schoolbooks and concentrating on boys in your own age group.

"I WANT to know the address of Victor Mature if you know it, please. Also could you please tell me what an airmail letter to his address would cost?"

J.M., Perth.

Victor Mature is a freelance actor, under contract to no particular studio. However, he has made films for Paramount, and a letter addressed to him care of the Publicity Department, Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California, U.S.A., and marked "Please Forward," should find him. Airmail to Hollywood costs 2/- per half ounce for a letter.

How to dress SIX daughters and Save Money!

"I've proved that clothes give longer wear washed in Velvet Soap"

says young Mrs. CALLAGHAN, of State School, Sassafras, Victoria.

MEET THE PRETTY CALLAGHANS. There's a little bit of Ireland about these laughing-eyed Callaghan girls. "And about their high spirit, too," adds their mother. "They're often in mischief . . . and their clothes are always in the wash. I'm certainly glad of Velvet's extra-soapy suds for those extra grimy parts! And Velvet makes their clothes last so well they can be handed down to the younger ones."



OUTSIDE WASH-UP. "We all help when washing-up's on, Aunt Jenny," says Mrs. Callaghan. "With Velvet's lovely soapy suds we clean up in no time and good, pure Velvet is so gentle for the skin—it keeps my hands neat and smooth."



Buy the big economy bar and save money


says Aunt Jenny

POND'S gives your complexion the enchanting glow of a girl in love



They say there's a special enchanted glow in the complexion of a girl in love—a fresh, untarnished radiance that completely transforms her face. Most miraculous of all, this tender new loveliness need not glow briefly... and then flicker out. You can consciously build it into a lasting radiance. Now Pond's tells you how.

POND'S solves beauty problems that prevent you revealing your inner loveliness

THE PROBLEM	WHAT TO DO	WHAT TO USE
Drab, sallow skin Coarsened Texture Enlarged Pores	<p>Only cream is able to completely clean out the water-resistant dirt and greasy make-up that clings deep in the pore openings and "greys" your complexion—coarsens the skin texture.</p> <p>The unique oil-and-moisture formula of Pond's Cold Cream has made it the most successful deep-cleansing cream in the world.</p> <p>After your Pond's Cold Creaming every night you'll immediately be aware of an exciting new surge of loveliness.</p>	<p>COLD CREAM</p>  <p>New economy size jar 6/9 Standard jar 4/- Handy tube 2/-</p>
Powder that doesn't cling Shininess blackheads	<p>Always, before you make-up or powder, film on an invisible veil of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. This satinizing base instantly protects a freshly cleansed skin.</p> <p>And, Pond's Vanishing Cream helps your skin throw off its everyday accumulation of oily, dead skin cells. Do this, and you're following the complexion care of the great beauties of society. Cover face lavishly with Pond's Vanishing Cream—tissue off after one minute—now skin glands function normally.</p>	<p>VANISHING CREAM</p>  <p>New economy size jar 6/9 Standard jar 4/- Handy tube 2/-</p>
Parched dry skin Ageing dry lines Rough, flaky patches	<p>Dry skin can push you into middle age—and its signs appear right around 25—sometimes even as early as 19. Tiny forehead lines... little crows feet... rough, flaky patches. Dry skin needs extra lubrication, so the richer the cream you use, the better. Pond's Dry Skin Cream is richest of all in lanolin—specially refined lanolin that quickly penetrates the skin's surface.</p> <p>Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream and you'll grow lovelier, not just older!</p>	<p>DRY SKIN CREAM</p>  <p>New economy size jar 8/3 Standard jar 4/11 Handy tube 2/3 See all swift-acting Pond's Creams at your favourite beauty counter.</p>

Continuing

The Golden Journey

from page 3

moved right on west into the Ohio wilderness and started up again. You know that was what kept me going."

Paul did not speak. He only waited.

"So, this occurred to me. I'll bet you no one in all Europe today ever stops to think about the way America was made! Most of them don't even know. They feel it just somehow sprang up like a mushroom, rich easygoing country—money growing on trees—all that. They don't realise what went before, how the ground is soaked with the blood and the sweat of the pioneers. That's what I'd like you to tell in your speech. Make it real to those folks out at Redstone. Tell them it's their country now, but it's been bought with a high price. You see what I mean? Land of opportunity now for them, and their kids, because of all this; but it's up to them to appreciate it and do their part and teach their kids to love and respect it. Well, what do you think? Sounds pretty old-fashioned, maybe?"

Paul was grave. He had been deeply moved by Johnny's talk.

"You make this a challenge," he said. "But I'll do my best. I come from the same kind of stock as you. I guess we're all inclined to forget what we owe the past. And it's certainly not a very far past at that, as countries go. I tell you what I'd like to do. I'll think this over pretty hard, then I'll sketch a rough draft and let you see it. I'd like to be sure I'm heading in the right direction. I really do get your idea," he added, "if I can only do it justice."

"You will," Johnny returned confidently. "Look! We forgot to eat. Let's fall to. I'm sorry if your lunch is cold. Oh, by the way, Dad says he met you with Kirkland. May I ask how you got to know him?"

"Well," Paul said, "he heard me make a speech and found I was interested in politics."

"Oh, that's it! By golly, if I weren't tied up in the business I'd like to take a crack at that myself. I'd never get far, though," he laughed. "I'd be always bucking the machine. But good luck to you!"

"Thanks," Paul said. "I'm just a novice now. I've got an awful lot to learn. As a matter of fact, I think you're one person whose viewpoint I would like to get from time to time."

"Advice free as air," Johnny said, "and probably as empty! Say, have you met Anne Kirkland?"

"Yes, I have." Paul hoped his color was not rising.

"Ghastly thing about her, isn't it? I never knew her well. She went with a younger crowd, of course, but I've met her at the big shindigs now and then. Boy, what a beauty! Young Lamson seemed to be making the best time there before the accident. He's the son of Lamson Steel, Inc. You know. Only son. What a tie-up of fortunes that would have been if it had come off. Well, it's pretty tough. My sister says Anne's plucky as the devil about it all. Of course, she probably still hopes..."

He broke off, looking keenly at Paul, who still remained silent, then started quickly to change the subject.

As Paul walked back to the office he thought of Johnny's shrewd scrutiny and wondered if his own secret was written in his eyes as plainly as he feared. He must watch out for that. As to Johnny, he had a feeling beyond mere liking when he thought of him. In spite of his light casualness there was deep wisdom in him. He would make a valuable friend.

There was no word from Kirkland all that day nor the

next until late afternoon. Then the call came.

"Paul? Could you stop in at my office when you're through today? I'll be alone here, working late."

"Of course," Paul replied. "I can get there about five-thirty."

"Good. See you then."

He hung up, and Paul pitched furiously into the work upon his desk, trying to conquer the nervousness that kept recurring. He left at five, and was at Kirkland's office by the half-hour. Kirkland himself showed signs of agitation, and Paul's certainty increased that the reason for this meeting was not politics, but Anne.

The older man plunged in at once.

"There is one phase of our plan which I have taken most seriously from the start. I told you when I first proposed it to you that I, personally, would hold you free to withdraw from the—marriage if after three years Anne's condition is unchanged. I am taking an enormous risk in tampering with her life. But it is a calculated one. I have pursued every untoward possibility to its bitter conclusion. I have faced up to all that may happen. Or may not happen."

He paused, and Paul's heart began to beat uncomfortably. It would seem so logical, so simple to tell this man the truth: that by some miraculous chance he was in love with Anne; that as far as he himself was concerned there was now no deal, no bargain involved. He could even tell him of his own inner struggle of the night before and of his triumphant issue from it. But this was for him not only distasteful but impossible. His love was so new, so inviolable that he could share the verity with Anne alone. Certainly with no other before her.

Kirkland was speaking again, slowly.

"You have made a quick, I might almost say hasty, decision to go on with this, due, as I believe, to my daughter's attractiveness. But, as an older man, I realise more than you what may ensue as time goes on if there should be no improvement in her case. You are young, strong, virile, active. You may come to feel restless and dissatisfied—even trapped—by such a marriage. It is this situation which I will not permit Anne to face. I know her pride. I also have my own."

Paul started to speak, but the other silenced him.

"It is to insure the preservation of my daughter's dignity that I wish this to be clearly understood between us. In fact, I have decided to commit it to writing so there will be no question ever as to the exact intent of our agreement."

"I would never put my name to such a paper!" Paul's tone was harsh.

"You don't need to. It's my name that's important. I'm the one making the statement. All I want you to do is to keep the paper and remain conscious of having it. Here it is. Read it for yourself."

Paul slowly picked up the sheet and read:

"To Paul Devereux: If after a period of three years the plan decided upon between us has produced no change in physical conditions, you are free of all obligation to me to continue in

To page 41

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictional, and have no reference to any living person.

that status if you desire to be released therefrom.

"Remember," Kirkland was saying, "this is no legal document. It is never to be seen by anyone but ourselves. But it will be a definite reminder to you in case you should ever feel uncomfortably indebted to me, that I hold you entirely free after."

"But look here!" Paul burst out. "This is absurd. What about Anne in all this?"

Kirkland's face suddenly seemed to him and whiten to that of an old man. His voice when he spoke was like steel.

"I thought I had made it clear that the first chance, which represents the only hope in the world for her, I must take. The second chance I will not."

There was silence and then Paul said slowly, "And what if we should eventually be in love with each other?"

"Ah!" said Kirkland in a long-drawn breath. "Ah—that!" He smiled for the first time during the interview. Then, as though he did not dare to comment upon this possibility, he said briskly, "After three years you can destroy the paper. No matter what comes, it will then have served its purpose. I have a copy. It will remain with my private papers."

Paul picked up the sheet gingerly.

"And put it where it won't blow away, my boy. You have a deposit box? Get one if you haven't."

Paul nodded.

"Best place for it. And don't worry about things. That's my business. I'm not good at saying what I feel, but I guess you know. There's a change in Anne already. Brighter, more like her old self. I have a strong hope she may—well, good luck with everything! I'm getting some things lined up with Brennan and one or two others. Next week we'll get together and talk politics in earnest. No use in delays. Well—thanks, Paul."

He wrung the young man's hand.

When Paul reached his room, he closed the door carefully, took the paper from his inside

Continuing . . . The Golden Journey

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pocket, held it over an ash-tray, lighted a match under it, and watched it burn to nothing.

"And that," he said aloud, "is that!"

Then he turned quickly to the telephone and dialled a number. All at once the entangling forces which were gathering in upon him from all sides fell away. He was only a young man in love, eager, listening, waiting to hear the one voice which rang in his heart.

As March moved into the budding promise of April, a number of things happened to Paul. For one, he found himself now a professional speaker, listed on the Speakers' Bureau, ready to do active campaigning for his party whenever the occasion arose. In his first real conference with Arno, during which they sat alone in the back office, the latter gave him a rough outline of the months ahead.

"The Chief thought I might be of some use to you," he said, with a smile that changed the sinister expression to one of friendly candor. "I've been with him for a good many years now and I sort of know the score. Usually, that is."

"I'll appreciate your help," Paul said earnestly. "I'm horribly green. I've been concentrating pretty heavily on law, you know, even while I had my eye on a political career eventually."

"Well, that's all to the good, the law end of it. That's the way most of them start, and if you please old Hartwell, I guess you know your stuff." His eyes narrowed suddenly. "By the way, how is he taking your new plans? Make any fuss about them?"

"No; not really. He was very kind, as a matter of fact. Gave me some advice."

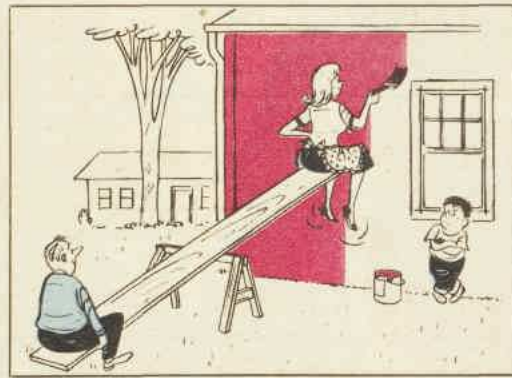
"I'll bet he did! He doesn't like the Chief. Don't believe all he tells you. He gets ideas in his hair. Well, now, here's the way things are going. You knew the Chief was at the capital this week?"

Paul nodded.

"He's having a conference with Senator Hunt about Halsey—for Governor. The Chief feels he can be nominated, but we have to step lively. The Barker interests are backing Dunham. I suppose you know what that means?"

"We have business dealings with the Barker Bank, of course, but, naturally, I have had no reason so far to know more than that."

"Well, that's all most people know. But the bank is just the front. Behind it there's a hook-up with about every big financial concern in the country."



Utilities, insurance companies, railroads, and so on. They've got plenty of power, of a kind, but they don't always know how to use it. That's where the Chief outsmarts them. I think he'd rather beat old Barker than anything else in the world. And he's after him this time, all right! No punches pulled!"

Arno grinned appreciatively.

"If Halsey gets the nomination, and I always bet on the Chief, then the idea is for you to start right in with your speeches boosting him for Governor. You'll hear from the Bureau more and more as time

goes on, but use every chance you get to talk him up. See? Of course, the Chief's killing two birds with one stone. Campaigning for Halsey and getting you in the public eye."

Paul laughed. "He's pretty clever, isn't he? Well, I'll do my best to work for Halsey and myself at the same time. Since the word sort of got around that I'm available as a speaker, it's amazing how many invitations have already come in."

"That's good," said Arno. "Well, from now on up to the primaries next month, get around to the different precincts as much as you can. If there's no chance for real speeches, just put in a good

word here and there. I'll give you a list of a few spots you might cover. Say, do you mind if I ask you something?"

"Of course not," Paul said, a shade too heartily to cover his sudden fear that Arno's question might be embarrassing.

"Well, I'm just curious. Did the Chief really never see you between the time he heard you speak at that Young Politicians' Club and the day he had you meet him here to have lunch with him?"

"No," Paul said, "he didn't."

"That's straight?" Arno persisted.

Paul flushed. "I'm accus-

Arno merely grinned. "Don't get sore. I wasn't calling you a liar. But what I can't figure out is how he picked you practically out of the air and started backing you with all he's got before he even knew you. He's a smart picker and he works fast. But I've never known him to do anything like this before. Weren't you surprised yourself?"

"Very," Paul answered.

Arno waited as though expecting further explanation, then shrugged his shoulders. "Well, he doesn't often make mistakes, so you can consider yourself . . ."

There was a discreet knock on the door. Arno looked irritated.

"Come in."

Miss Sayles appeared. This time she was not "icily regular, splendidly null," as Paul had always mentally described her. Her face was flushed and her manner agitated.

"C is in there," she said in a stage whisper.

Arno jumped to his feet. "You're crazy!" he hissed. "He's never been here in his life!"

"I'm telling you he's in the Chief's office right now and he's mad. Arno . . ." — her eyes suddenly gave her secret away—"Arno, I'm scared for you. Watch your step. Be careful."

"What are you talking about?" he said fiercely. "Don't be a fool. I was going to see this fellow today, anyhow." He said, turning to Paul, "and he's just come to save me the trouble, I guess. Sorry to stop our talk, but I'll have to get on in there. You mind going out with Sayles through the reception room? Well, so long. Be seen, you."

In a flash he had pushed her unconsciously restraining hand aside and was gone through the door. Paul got up to leave and then stopped.

"Miss Sayles," he said, "what's going on? Is there likely to be trouble in there? I'm pretty husky. Hadn't I better stick around?"

She tried to look calm. "Oh,

no, I'm sure everything is all right. This man makes me nervous, that's all. He . . . has such a temper. I'll show you out."

"Who is he?" Paul asked as they reached the outer room.

"Oh, just a . . . sort of politician. There are all kinds, you know. Goodbye, Mr. Devoreux."

Paul went slowly through the hall towards the elevator. He had an extremely uncomfortable feeling. Sayles' fright had been genuine, no matter how she tried to cover it now. Arno had been startled and upset and had gone to the caller with a speed that betokened his importance. These were the only facts to go upon at the moment.

On the first floor he left the elevator and took his station across the lobby, where he could see all who came down. He pulled some papers from his pocket and made pretence of reading them. He decided to wait for fifteen minutes and then phone to make sure everything was all right. When he finally rang up from the lobby booth and asked for Arno, Miss Sayles' voice was reassuringly cold.

"He's been in conference until a moment ago, but I'll put him right on."

When Arno answered, Paul thought of an ostensible reason for his call.

"You spoke of a list of places you were going to give me," he said. "Could you just mail it to my office?"

"Right!" Arno sounded rather complacent. "Sorry to leave you so abruptly, but you know how things come up!"

"Sure," Paul said. "Good-bye, and thanks."

As he turned from the booth one of the elevators clanged and a man got out. He was short, heavily built, and swarthy of face. He wore a brown suit and hat, brown topcoat and tan shoes. He glanced sharply toward Paul — the only other person in the lobby—and then walked swiftly out, into a waiting car, and drove off with another man behind the wheel. Paul was sure this was the mysterious C.

Once back in his own office

To page 47



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 15, 1956

Lena back in films

• Lovely torch singer Lena Horne makes a guest-star film comeback in Metro's new big-screen musical, "Meet Me in Las Vegas," with a top cast headed by Cyd Charisse and Dan Dailey. Pictured are two of the spectacular gowns Lena wears in the film.

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON



ABOVE: Strong floral motif stresses the dynamic personality which has recently made Lena Horne score in night-club and stage shows all over the world.



RIGHT: A bare-top sheath gown, ensures that the shape of Lena Horne as well as her superb voice haunts the memory. Lena began singing in 1940.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ To Catch A Thief

PRODUCER Alfred Hitchcock's new film, "To Catch A Thief" (Paramount), is a beguiling romantic comedy that poses as a thriller.

Actually there's hardly a thrill worthy of the name to be found in the entire picture.

Instead, there is beautiful Grace Kelly, playing a provocative American heiress touring the fleshpots of the French Riviera, and Cary Grant, looking very handsome with touches of tawny at the temples, as an adventurer with taking ways.

There are also magnificent vistas of Riviera scenery, auto chases on the Corniche filmed from an aeroplane, and travelogue aspects of life around the sun-drenched Mediterranean foreshores—all captured in brilliant Vista-Vision—that will send a lot of people off to the nearest office to book for travel.

Mr. Hitchcock seems to

have been too busy with all this glamor to pay much attention to the suspense in his plot of odd twists and turns.

The story has to do with a reformed international jewel thief (Grant), who finds, while living a life of luxury on the Riviera, that a cat burglar is making off with tourists' diamonds in just the same way as he used to steal them.

Grant has to go out and catch the thief in order to clear himself with the local gendarmes, but he has to do it in such a way that they do not catch him in the act.

It seems hardly necessary to mention that Grace catches Grant while he traps the thief.

Veteran Jessie Royce Landis, playing Grace's diamond-laden mother, and the smooth insurance agent of John Williams are among those mixed up in the affair.

Another character who bears watching is Brigitte Aubert, a saucy French miss with loads of charm.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Count Three and Pray," CinemaScope technicolor action-drama, starring Van Heflin, Joanne Woodward, Phil Carey. Plus ★ "Bring Your Smile Along," technicolor musical, starring Frankie Laine, Keefe Brasselle, Constance Towers.

CENTURY.—★★★ "East of Eden," color CinemaScope period melodrama, starring James Dean, Julie Harris, Raymond Massey. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "A Kid for Two Farthings," Eastman-color comedy-drama, starring Celia Johnson, Diana Dors, David Kosoff. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," Deluxe color CinemaScope romantic drama, starring William Holden, Jennifer Jones. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "Camille," romantic drama, starring Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor. (Re-release, review unavailable.) Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★ "To Hell and Back," color CinemaScope World War II biography, starring Audie Murphy, Marshall Thompson, Charles Drake. Plus ★ "Comanche Territory," technicolor period Western, starring Maureen O'Hara, MacDonald Carey. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "The Seven Year Itch," CinemaScope Deluxe color comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Marilyn Monroe. Plus featurettes.

PALLADIUM.—★ "Jump Into Hell," Paratroop thriller, starring Jack Palance, Kurt Kasznar. Plus ★ "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison," prison melodrama, starring Steve Cochran, David Brian. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "To Catch a Thief," color Vista-Vision thriller, starring Grace Kelly, Cary Grant. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Helen of Troy," color CinemaScope historical extravaganza, starring Rossana Podesta, Jack Palance, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Therese Raquin," French-language drama with English sub-titles, starring Simone Signoret, Ruy Vallone. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "Doctor at Sea," technicolor Vista-Vision comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot, James Robertson Justice. Plus featurettes.

Not yet reviewed

LYCEUM.—"Dance, Little Lady," Eastmancolor musical drama, starring Mai Zetterling, Terence Morgan, Mandy Miller. Plus "Meet Mr. Lucifer," comedy, starring Kay Kendall, Peggy Cummins, Stanley Holloway.

PALACE.—"Rage at Dawn," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Mala Powers, Forrest Tucker. Plus "I Cover the Underworld," crime drama, starring Sean McClory, Joanne Jordan, Ray Middleton.

PARIS.—"Pickwick Papers," period comedy-adventure, starring James Hayter, Nigel Patrick, Kathleen Harrison, and Guest Stars. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—"House of Bamboo," color CinemaScope crime drama, starring Robert Stack, Robert Ryan, Shirley Yamaguchi. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"Trial," courtroom drama, starring Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"Tight Spot," crime melodrama, starring Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson, Brian Keith. Plus "Wyoming Renegade," technicolor Western, starring Phil Carey, Gene Evans, Martha Hyer.

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ITALIAN DRAMA



* Two bright personalities of Europe's cinema, beautiful Martine Carol of France and Italian actor Raf Vallone, star in "La Spiaggia" (The Beach), a Titanus production in Ferraniacolor.

The story is of a woman from the red-light district of a distant city (Martine Carol) and her longing to become a part of the so-called "respectable" modern society of a seaside resort.

There are lots of surprises in her contacts with the various people whom she meets there, as well as some drama and a pleasant romance.

Film dialogue is in Italian with English sub-titles.

1 SETTLED at a peaceful seaside resort with her little daughter Tina for a long vacation, Anna Maria (Martine Carol), dressed in casual clothes and wearing little make-up, prepares to enjoy the respectable world that she has longed to join.



2 PLAYING on the sands, Tina is befriended by parents as well as children. Gay Anna Maria attracts attention, too. She meets a merchant, Signor Albertocchi (centre), and, later, his wife.



3 TWO other members of this mannered world are Guggi (Clelia Matania), a young sophisticate, and an elderly millionaire (Carlo Romano), who likes all the girls, but especially Anna Maria.



4 MEETING with Silvio (Raf Vallone), the village mayor, who returns Tina to her mother when she wanders away, is start of a romance for Anna Maria. He knows about her past life, promises secrecy.



5 DESPERATELY Anna Maria pleads for secrecy from a friend of the Albertoccis who knows of her background. But it's no use. The story spreads around like wildfire.



6 COLD-SHOULDERED by her new friends, Anna Maria is most unhappy. Tina, too, is deserted by her small friends. Just as she decides to leave it all, rescue comes unexpectedly.



7 AN ESCORT through the crowded village by the millionaire reinstates Anna Maria with those who were the first to desert her. Her mature partner grimaces scornfully. Now she is respectable again.

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The blue and gold Angel Face box with dainty puff in the attractive dressing table size. Only 5/6.

The Golden Journey

Continuing

from page 41

he had an overpowering urge to talk to old Hartwell. He went in before closing time and found the old man sitting staring at the ceiling and twisting the ends of his moustache.

"Never grow old, Paul," he began, characteristically. "Or, if you do, be sure to have a family about you. This thing of being a bachelor in the city is a lonesome business. I'm beginning to hate to leave my office at night."

"I'm only in sort of bachelor room, sir, but if you'd ever be willing to spend an evening with me it would be doing me the greatest favor! The woman where I stay would serve us a little supper there. Do consider it!"

The very real affection Paul felt for the old man showed in the warmth of his voice.

"I wasn't hinting," Hartwell smiled, "but I'll take you up on that some time, my boy, and thanks." He sounded moved. "Now, what's on your mind?"

"Well," Paul began, "I just wondered what you knew about this man Halsey, or Dunham, either, for that matter. I'm for Halsey and am to do a little campaigning for him if he's nominated. I just wondered how you stood."

Hartwell laughed shortly. "It's like the old story of the ass and the mule: not much to choose between them. I'm voting for Halsey because I don't like the reason for Dunham's being put up at all. You can't use this in your speeches, but I'll tell you if you want to know."

"I do." "Well, it's like this. In the Barker Bank, you know, there's Barker, sen., about my age or older, and Barker, jun., in his early fifties. Junior is presumably a solid, upstanding citizen, fine wife from one of our best families, and a family of grown children."

Hartwell paused and sighed. "Wouldn't you think that would satisfy a man? But every now and then he goes a-roving, and this last time nearly put an end to it. He had a girl out at some roadhouse back in the country. It was a bad night and the car skidded on a curve

and ran into a tree. When a motor policeman found them Junior was still half drunk and the girl pretty badly hurt."

Paul whistled.

"Not a nice story. Well, old Barker got busy, managed to keep it out of the headlines, and hired Dunham to do the rest. He was State Senator then, but, of course, he still practises here. Considered the shrewdest lawyer in the State. I don't know yet how he did it, but he got Junior out of the mess with no publicity. Of course, old Barker would pay him well, but Dunham wanted something more. He wanted to be Governor. Well, there you have it. That's why I'm going to vote for Halsey."

"You feel he's a good man, then?"

"Not especially. He's a pleasant fellow. I've known him slightly for years. He'll make a fine impression on the public, and if he's elected he'll probably do about what he's told."

Hartwell fumbled in one of his desk drawers.

"Ever look up a definition of politics, Paul?" he asked.

"No," Paul smiled. "I'm afraid I never have. It's one of the words we usually take for granted somehow."

"I've got a note or so here for you. I copied these out of an old dictionary that I still hang on to."

He read, "'Politics: the administration of public affairs in the interest of the peace, prosperity, and safety of the State.' Then listen to this. It's a quotation underneath supposed to illustrate and illumine the definition:

"I regard politics also as the principles by which nations should be governed and regulated, as only a branch of ethics; or rather as a special application of the principles of morality and religion." There, my boy," he said, handing Paul the slip of paper, "put that in your pipe and smoke it as you think of your own career. Well, good luck to you."

Paul recognised the signal and left at once. He put the

paper carefully in his inside pocket, smiling faintly as he did so. For a hardheaded, successful lawyer, old Hartwell held some pretty idealistic views. It would be interesting, though, to discuss them with Anne tonight, since he was to see her at dinner.

His friendship with Anne was growing beyond his fondest hopes, and he knew also that Kirkland was inwardly jubilant over his progress. His calls had become steadily more frequent until now he was dropping in several times a week, often at her invitation or Kirkland's, to dinner.

On some evenings when he had work he stayed for perhaps an hour only. This was possible because he now owned a car. It had become clear to him that it was a necessity both for his courtship and for his speechmaking, and he had lost no time in making the purchase. Johnny Boxard, who knew everything and everybody, had steered him to a really good model which a friend of his wanted to sell.

He drove up to the big house that evening at six-thirty, his usual eagerness intensified by Anne's promise of a surprise. "Two of them," she had amended.

The sudden glimpse of a large car parked a little way beyond where he himself came to a stop gave him a feeling of disappointment. In Kirkland's absence he had looked forward to dining alone with Anne. Now, apparently, this was not to be.

Hackett, who was already his sworn friend, received him with a broad smile and showed him toward the library. From the doorway he saw a woman with a beautiful, thin, patrician face, sitting opposite Anne.

"Surprise!" Anne cried as soon as he had entered. "I've talked so much about you, Gran, that I'm sure Paul will recognise you on sight!"

"It seems to me," the old lady said with a twinkle as he

bowed over her hand, "that I've heard occasionally of you, too."

As he went over to Anne he saw that the kitten was curled up, asleep on her knees.

"Just as you predicted," she said, stroking the small tiger gently. "He's here most of the time, and I love it, especially when he purrs. Davy says, though, that we like animals only because they flatter us by their affection. Do you think that's so? It seems so disillusioning."

"That may be part of it," Mrs. Catheryb returned, "but you could carry that idea on



logically into the world of humans, and I should not like that."

"Heavens, no!" Paul said. "That would put emotion on a very low level, indeed. But I don't believe it's true in relations to animals, either. We had a colt once when I was a boy that was the most cantankerous young beast ever born. We simply couldn't break him. He snapped every time I tried to bridle him and threw me off a dozen times. I suppose, and yet I was crazy about him. I was terribly upset when Father finally sold him. There, does that comfort you?" he asked Anne.

"Very much. My love for Devvie is now justified, a hun-

dred per cent. pure! I believe dinner is announced," she added, as Hackett appeared. "We're skipping cocktails since Gran doesn't take them. Will you escort her in, Paul?"

As they moved slowly through the hall, Mrs. Catheryb looked up at him.

"I'm very much interested in what Anne told me of your political ambitions," she said. "I don't know much about such things, but, from the news in the papers every day, it would seem that we could use some good young men in government. May I ask if you're a crusader?"

"I'm afraid not," Paul laughed. "I'm just an ordinary fellow who hopes some day to run for office. Of course," he added, "if I ever reach any goal of that sort I'll try to do an honest job."

"Doesn't it amount to the same thing?" she asked seriously, as they reached the table.

Paul turned to Anne as he sat down. "Your grandmother is trying to make me out a reformer, when I'm not in the least. You must tell her how earthy my ambition really is."

Anne leaned forward, her lovely face animated with interest.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Since we have Gran here we must talk sense. Let's have a dinner 'topic' as the French do. How about 'the perfect State and how to arrive at it'?"

"Excellent," said Mrs. Catheryb. "The idea of perfection always gives one a chance to talk without knowing facts. Where do we start?"

"Why not at the bottom with the individual," Paul said, "and build up from there?"

They argued and wrangled happily through the courses, with Paul watching Mrs. Catheryb with more and more respect. As they sat over dessert she made a summary.

"Well, we have now arrived in our rosy fancy at a society of perfect citizens who freely elect perfect representatives who on all levels administer government perfectly. How, though, do we move into Utopia?"

"And might it be boring.

after all?" Anne asked thoughtfully. "Are human beings so conditioned to imperfection that any other State would seem a trifle flat to them? And does good really only shine out in contrast to evil?"

"Aren't you negating heaven itself, then?" Paul asked, smiling.

"Oh, no! I was only thinking of earth. Such a funny, tragic little ball it is. I believe, though, that we chose a wrong topic tonight. It's been fun — all the discussion — but maybe we should have been more practical. Maybe we should have considered how a young man entering politics," she glanced shyly at Paul, "can improve conditions as they already exist."

"First, get himself elected to office," Paul said promptly. Then he suddenly remembered the slip of paper in his pocket.

"Say, I have something apocryphal to all this right here. I forgot about it. Mr. Hartwell, our senior partner, gave it to me this afternoon and I brought it along. Definition of politics."

He read the statements and then paused for comment.

Mrs. Catheryb's face was grave. "A branch of ethics," she repeated slowly, "a special application of the principles of morality and religion. The quotation is even more startling than the definition. I wish—some time—you would show that to Mr. Kirkland."

An uncomfortable silence fell, each knowing that if Kirkland had been present the conversation would not have taken place.

To break the embarrassment, Paul said suddenly. "By the way, wasn't I promised two surprises tonight? There couldn't be a second as delightful as the first," bowing to Mrs. Catheryb, "but, even so, I'm curious."

Anne gave the signal to rise, and Hackett was instantly at her chair.

"I'll show you, right away, even though it isn't strictly good form," she said. "The music-room, Hackett."

It was a part of the house Paul had not been in before—a beautiful room of tall leaded

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windows and soft green satin chairs and sofas. There was some fine sculpture here and there, and a large and handsome piano in one corner. Hackett moved Anne's chair toward it. She laughed over her shoulder at them as she settled to the keyboard.

"You'll have to suffer for a while, I'm afraid, for I can't keep away from this, ever since it arrived. Father had it specially built, Paul, to compensate partly at least for the lack of pedal action. Don't expect too much, though."

She began to play. From where he sat he could watch her profile, with the light shining on her golden hair. He saw fully for the first time the character in her face. Behind the delicacy of feature there was strength. It showed in the firm line of the lips, the chin, in the intensity of the eyes, as she concentrated completely upon the music.

He was amazed at the brilliance of her playing, and felt himself caught up in a joint heaven of love and melody. Once in a while Mrs. Catherby asked for a favorite, and once Anne stopped suddenly and shook her head with a small, tragic gesture.

"It's not the same, without real pedaling. But," she added quickly, "it's wonderful to be able to get any effect at all."

When she stopped at last, Paul felt strangely tongue-tied. The ordinary words of compliment would sound wooden compared to the depth of feeling in his heart. He remained silent while Mrs. Catherby spoke her pleasure and then rose to her feet.

"I must be going now," she said. "It's been a delightful evening, Anne, and Paul, it's been so nice meeting you. I've been revelling in the book you lent me. May I keep it a little longer? I'm hoping," she added with a smile, "that some time you'll read the Meredith poem aloud to me. Will you?"

"If it would give you the least pleasure, I would be glad to," Paul said, "though I'm afraid Anne has been exaggerating my small accomplishment. It's been wonderful meeting you, Mrs. Catherby. I've been

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looking forward to it very much. May I be of any help to you going back?"

"No, thank you. Hawley watches over me like a hen with one chick. Here he comes now. He always seems to sense when I'm ready to go. It could be," she added, smiling, "because I always leave at practically the same time."

When she had gone Paul pushed Anne's chair back to the library, and they settled to themselves.

"She's all you described her," Paul said warmly, "and more. She's amazing! Such a mind! Such a personality! But, Anne, the biggest surprise was your playing. I said nothing before because I couldn't find the words. I was too much moved by it. Is there anything you can't do?" he burst out.

She smiled her thanks, and then a shadow like a cloud fell upon her. Her lips quivered. "There are several things I can't do," she said huskily.

His heart ached for her and he cursed himself for the thoughtless question. He moved nearer and tried, however, to speak casually.

"I've been wanting to ask you something. You know this new play that's running at the Empire? Johnny Boyard tells me it's very amusing. Would you go with me some evening—perhaps Saturday of next week—if I can get the tickets?"

She turned her face toward him with a look of horror.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a low, unsteady voice.

"Just what I say. It would be very simple. Here am I strong as an ox. Here you are, a mere featherweight. I could carry you to the car. We would have aisle seats, go in just after the curtain goes up, then at the end we could sit and chat a few minutes till the theatre empties. Perhaps instead of my car we could use one of your father's, then it could be drawn up just ready for us when we go out. You see? As easy as that. What do you say, Anne? I want terribly to take you!"

She still sat, her face frozen and drawn as with shock.

"What do you say?" he begged eagerly.

"I couldn't possibly," she managed at last.

"But why? You need diversion. Have you really never been away from the house since it all happened?"

"Just to the hospital in an ambulance."

"There! That's what I meant! You must get out and see things and do things. This would be such a simple, easy way to begin. Besides, I want so much to have the pleasure of taking

Until today becomes tomorrow, man will be blind to the good fortune of the present.
—Chinese Proverb

you. I'll arrange everything. Please say 'Yes!'

Her hands, he could see, were trembling in her lap.

"I'm not ungrateful," she said painfully. "Thank you very much. I'll . . . I'll think it over."

"No!" The word exploded from him. He caught her small shaking hands in his strong ones, holding them tightly. "That is just what you must not do. You'll think up all kinds of foolish obstacles. I want your promise now that you'll go. Nothing except cowardice would make you refuse. And you're certainly no coward."

He leaned over her. His voice was tender but commanding. "Anne, do as I ask this once. I won't urge you against your will again."

She was looking up at him dazedly. "You wouldn't be . . . embarrassed?"

"Embarrassed!" He repeated the word with a great upstanding vehemence. Then he waited for a moment as though considering how to answer. At last

he put a hand on each arm of her chair and bent toward her until his face was near hers.

"Do you suppose," he asked very low, "that I would not like to carry you, to feel you in my arms?" Then quickly he straightened and assumed his usual tone. "I must be going. I'll see about tickets tomorrow and let you know. Well, it's been a beautiful evening. Thanks for everything and . . . goodnight."

He walked quickly to the doorway, afraid she might break the unspoken promise with a word. But she did not speak again, only watched him with a strange expression in her eyes as he turned, waved his hand, and went out.

The next day, as happened now once a week, Paul was lunching with Johnny Boyard.

"I'm taking you to a dive," the latter announced as they drove in his car. "Little joint down on Third Street, but they've got the best Italian food in the city. We might see a hood or two. Not that I'm personally acquainted with them."

"A what?" Paul queried.

"Hood. Short for hoodlum, gangster, underworlder, or whatever. You know, I suppose, that we've got a few in this fair city. And they pretty near run it, too. Oh, here we are."

They went down steps to a basement restaurant where Johnny greeted the proprietor.

"Hi, Nick. How's the ravioli today? Say, this is a good friend of mine, Bill Smith. What a gang here! Can you give me a table?"

Nick patted John's shoulder. "Always a table for you, Mr. Boyard. Right this way."

"You know," Johnny remarked when they were seated, "I always have more of a feeling of being among the big shots when I'm here than when I'm with Father at his club. That's bad."

"What made you give me an alias?" Paul asked curiously.

"Oh, I don't know. Just hit me that if you're going into

politics you'd better keep your nose clean all round—if it's possible. How's the speech coming?"

"Nearly done, but I'm not satisfied with the end. I've been working like a dog on it. Maybe next week I can have it ready for you to look over. Of course, it will sound better, I hope, as I give it."

"I think the whole jam-boree will go over big. I'm seeing to the ox roast. Seems there hasn't been one round these parts for thirty years. Good old custom. Ought to be revived. You know what I'd do if Dad would let me? Invite the Union, too. Old Bill himself. And I'd bet he'd come. I've still got a hunch that if we got together sometimes in between strikes it would be a smart idea. Oh, say"—he leaned closer—"to coin a phrase, don't look now, but behind us at the corner table is the Kingpin himself."

"Who?"

"Why, Camponelli! He's head of the numbers racket and Lord High Everything Else in this burg. He's the one in brown."

When they got up to go, Paul glanced around, and his face stiffened. The man in brown was the same one who had stepped out of the elevator the day before in Kirkland's office building. His name, then, began with C. The pieces of the puzzle fit.

Kirkland returned two days later from the capital and immediately sent for Paul. The older man breathed power and near jubilation.

"How are you, my boy? Well, the news is good right down the line. I'm sure Halsey's going to get the nomination. As soon as that is fact I'll have the two of you to lunch and you can get acquainted. Then, until fall election, you can campaign in earnest and get the feel of it. Like the prospect?"

"Very much, sir."

"But I've heard good news

since I got back. Anne tells me she's going to the theatre with you!"

"Yes. She finally agreed. I got the tickets yesterday. I'm certainly looking forward to it."

Kirkland's face looked almost young in its pleasure.

"The whole plan, Paul, is proceeding beyond my wildest hopes. She has resolutely refused to go out alone. She is proud and terribly sensitive, of course. Now, that she has consented to go to the theatre with you is nothing short of a miracle. I simply can't tell you how happy I am! Don't rush her, of course, about—the other, but so many small things point to the fact that she will ultimately consent. You've handled it all wonderfully, my boy. Wonderfully!"

Paul smiled and thanked him and then turned serious.

"Mr. Kirkland, there's something I want to discuss with you, if you'll allow me. It has nothing to do with Anne."

At once Kirkland's guard was up.

"Of course," he said crisply. "The other day while I was talking with Arno in his office, Miss Sayles came in greatly agitated. She said C was here. Arno said it was impossible, but she insisted he was and that he was mad. Arno tried to cover, but it was clear he was upset, too. He left his office like a shot to confer with this man, who I have reason to believe was Camponelli, the numbers racketeer. Can you explain what connection he would have with this office?"

Kirkland's face had undergone no change of expression. Only his eyes, Paul thought, had narrowed warily behind their lids. His voice when he spoke was composed and casual.

"Arno's quite a character," he began with a reminiscent flavor. "Never really told you about him, did I? Well, he grew up, one of eight, in three rooms on Water Street, toughest part of the city. His father had a little green-grocer shop. You can never tell where kids like that get brains, but Arno had them all right. I ran into him when he was a messenger

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Chameleon-like hydrangeas



CAROLINE. This picture shows three colors—blue, mauve, and pink—of one variety, illustrating how soil content affects the color of the same plant. Caroline, one of the loveliest varieties of hydrangea, has a large floret with serrated edge and is a tall grower.



RED EMPEROR, bright pink, and **President Doumer**, a deep purple, are two splendid varieties. Both are medium growers. Hydrangeas can be raised easily from cuttings taken during the first pruning, which should be done after the flowering flush.

Hydrangeas make a fascinating hobby for the home gardener because of their chameleon-like ability to change color according to the soil in which they are grown.

PINK hydrangea flowers may be changed to blue, and blue to pink, and the colors of pale-toned hydrangeas can be deepened greatly. But pure whites will never take on color.

To change the color of hydrangeas, two good general rules to follow are:

- Use lime and fresh fowl manure to obtain pink flowers.
- Use aluminium sulphate and sulphate of iron to obtain blue flowers.

To produce perfect blues and purples all lime must be excluded from the soil in the pots in which the plants are grown. The addition of a dessertspoonful of aluminium sulphate to each barrowload of soil of a natural ironstone nature will produce good blues.

Constant doses of aluminium sulphate will be found necessary to maintain the blue color, because the shades are never permanent.

Once lime is added to the soil, the flowers will revert to pink or in very sandy country which is low in humus to a neutral shade.

However, too much lime should never be given this beautiful shrub, or the foliage will soon tell of an overdose by showing marked chlorosis or yellowing.

This often appears in the form of faint yellowing of the leaf tissue between the veins, later followed by complete yellowing, then browning and premature death of

the leaves, and in severe cases of the whole shrub.

Once a few good varieties are purchased, the hydrangea is an economical flower for the home gardener because many cuttings can be obtained from the original plant.

It is advisable to cut out the thin and unwanted wood in late December. This lets the light into the plant, and ripens up the flowering eyes, which do not develop after March.

In the first week of July prune back to the plump or flowering eyes.

Pieces of old wood to which a shoot of new wood is attached make the best cuttings. But old wood carrying several fat buds can be used.

Pieces about 9in. long are best, with the two lowest buds removed.

Nurserymen adopt a method that consists of taking old wood carrying many fat buds. These are cut into segments about 2in. long and are then split down the middle, leaving a bud on each piece.

The pith is then removed from each end of the splinter or flat piece of wood, but it must not be removed under the buds or they will not take root. These pieces of wood are merely pressed into moist fibrous soil in boxes or pots and kept very moist. They soon develop into healthy plants.

There are many varieties of this beautiful and economical plant. Those on this page are only a few of the many beautiful blooms now available.



WESTFALEN is a beautiful hydrangea bearing flowers of a brick-red color with serrated edges on the petals. It is a dwarf grower, and is recommended for small gardens.



KING GEORGE is a pink that is a medium grower. Hydrangeas are available in various heights from dwarf to tall varieties and in many shades.



MADAME HENRY CAYEUX, rose color, a tall grower. Hydrangeas shown on this page were grown by Mr. Fred C. Warner, of St. Ives, N.S.W., who is a hydrangea specialist.



MADAME LEGOU, a pure white (the natural color of hydrangeas), is a medium to tall grower. —Pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

GARDENING

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Housewife takes a job



IT'S WORTH WATCHING THE WAY SHE HANDLES A WINDOW DEMONSTRATION

Mrs. J. Kennedy, of 9 The Strand, Penshurst, who is a housewife and a demonstrator for a big Sydney store, decided to fit in a job, as well as running a home, to help buy a new car. Interviewed at work, pretty Mrs. Kennedy says, "In my job my hands are always in the limelight and they must be well groomed. I do all my own laundry and, of course, there is the eternal washing up, but I use Persil. I think this is the most gentle washing powder of all for a woman's hands. Persil is a marvellous washer, too—I wouldn't use anything else."

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Continuing

boy for Western Union. Don't know why I took a fancy to the kid, but I did."

He paused and lighted a cigarette.

"He's been with me ever since and heaven only knows what I'd do without him. But, you see, he's got a lot of friends from the old background. I never pry into his personal life. I've no idea what he does when he leaves here. Do you see what I'm getting at? If this fellow came to see him, it's none of my business. Naturally, Sayles wouldn't approve that kind of caller!"

"It was not merely disapproval. She was scared white. Her hands shook."

Kirkland laughed. "Oh, come now, Paul. You're making a movie out of this. Let Arno run his own affairs. It's possible he's been writing some numbers on the side himself. He's a born gambler. You just forget the whole thing. Well, I see my desk looks as if I'd been away."

Paul rose at once. Kirkland stood also, and grasped his shoulder affectionately.

"My boy, let me tell you again that my heart feels lighter than it's done since Anne's accident. Count on me for anything, anything!"

"Thank you, sir," Paul said gravely. "If the trip to the theatre turns out all right, I'll try to think of other things we can do. She needs to get out of the house. I must be running along now. It's good to see you back."

Paul moved slowly through the hall toward the elevator, thinking. He was not completely satisfied with Kirkland's explanation of Camponelli's visit to the office, yet it all sounded plausible enough. He knew it would be wise to drop it from his mind for the present.

As a matter of fact, while he did his daily work faithfully and labored most evenings in polishing up and practising the Memorial Day speech, his thoughts reverted constantly to the coming date with Anne.

The evening itself, when it came, could not have been finer. There was a light, warm breeze blowing, and a faint melting tinge of rose left in the west as he drove out.

It had already been arranged that the large Kirkland car with the chauffeur would be waiting at the front door, so Paul parked his own at the back and went, with a vast sense of trepidation and fear, into the small morning room to the left of the front door and nearest to it. This, Anne had planned.

She was seated on a small sofa, and he gave an exclamation of pleasure as he saw her, for she was wearing a coat of light pink wool which apparently matched the dress underneath. It buttoned simply to the neck with a small round collar, which gave her the appearance of a little girl. Close to her face she wore the violets he had sent earlier.

"I never saw you look so lovely!" Paul cried. "Are you as excited as I am?"

He caught her hands in a firm grip and sat down beside her. "Let me just take you in for a minute."

Anne laughed shakily and ignored his compliment. "Excited!" she said. "Why I haven't been able to sleep for thinking about it. I didn't know how terribly I wanted to go out until I'd actually made up my mind to go. I'm still a little hysterical over it, so be prepared for a flood of tears at any moment. Happy ones, of course." And, oh, I love my violets."

"My mother always taught me to carry two handkerchiefs," Paul returned, "so I'm prepared, if there's a flood! Let's get started, shall we? There's no telling about traffic and, if

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we get to the theatre too early, we'll sit in the car until curtain time."

He stood, and then quite easily lifted her in his arms.

"Are you sure I've got you?" he asked, laughing. "I can't feel a thing!"

He did, though, and his heart beat fast. He felt her soft hair against his cheek; he felt her tender body against his own.

"Put your hand around my neck. It will be more comfortable for you."

In the hall Kirkland was waiting with the supreme grace of casualness to see them off as Hackett, smiling broadly, opened the door.

"Goodbye, Mouchie. Have fun! Goodbye, Paul. Hope you like the show."

Just as he'd seen her off a hundred times before!

Morley, the chauffeur, opened the car door impassively. Paul set her gently on the seat, hurried around the car, and climbed in beside her. They were off! They did not speak until they were down the drive and out upon the wide street. Then Anne, watching intently from the window, drew a long, quivering breath.

"It's more wonderful than I can ever tell you, to be doing this! I think I have been a coward, and a vain one at that. But really," she added, innocently turning toward him, "it is different going out with you this way than it would have been with Father."

"I hope so!" Paul said.

And then suddenly the tension broke and they laughed inmoderately together. Paul put his arm through hers and held her hand while they went on with complete ease to talk of inconsequential things.

When they drew up before the theatre it was exactly the hour for the show to begin. Morley had done his timing to perfection. In spite of a spattering of latecomers in the outer lobby, the place looked deserted.

"Here, you take these," Paul said, putting the tickets in Anne's hand. He got out quickly, took her again in his arms, and then in the briefest of moments they were in the already darkened theatre. The usher led the flashlit path to aisle seats halfway down; they were in their places, Anne's coat unbuttoned and draped behind her, her violets pinned to her dress, and their bodies instinctively leaning toward each other as their eyes fastened upon the stage. So easy, so uncomplicated it had all been.

When the lights came on, Anne turned toward Paul full of animation about the play.

"I love it!" she exclaimed. "It's beautiful and yet completely realistic. It has . . ."

The young man directly in front of Paul turned suddenly around in his seat, his eyes wild with surprise.

"Anne!" he said. "Anne! Where did you . . . how did you . . . I didn't know you were . . ."

Anne's voice broke in very calmly and, as it seemed to Paul, coolly: "Oh, hello, Bill, how are you? This is Paul Devereux. Bill Lamson."

"And Sally McBride, Anne. I think you've met."

"Of course," Anne said pleasantly.

The introductions were completed, but Paul noted the constraint in the air. The girl named Sally looked distantly at Anne as through the far end of a telescope; the young man named Bill quite evidently took the close view and could not tear his eyes from it. Poor devil, Paul thought; he's loved her, too. Turned down suitor, probably.

When Anne finally leaned

back in her seat as though to terminate the conversation, Bill still persisted. "How are you, really, Anne? I haven't seen you round. Nobody's told me a thing. I'm completely in the dark."

"I haven't been around, Bill. This is my first sortie. I'm still not automotive, but," with the lightest possible side glance toward Paul, "I'm finding life extremely interesting, even so."

This time young Lamson colored crimson and turned abruptly around as the lights went out. Anne leaned closer to Paul.

"Do forgive me for that, but I had reason. I'll tell you about it later," she whispered.

"You couldn't have said a nicer thing, reason or not," he whispered back, and, though she seemed to hesitate, he managed to capture her hand again.

Through the next act Paul kept wondering about the young



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AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

man in front of him. Lamson, he had heard that name somewhere. Suddenly it came back to him. It was Johnny Boward who had spoken of him that first day at lunch as he had inquired about Anne. Young Lamson seemed to be making the best time there before the accident, son of Lamson Steel, Inc., he had said. So that was it. Paul felt more than ever curious, but soon found himself lost again in the play.

When it was all over they sat still. Anne chatted on brightly as the people just beyond passed in front of them and the aisles became crowded. Paul saw young Lamson pause as he stood up, trying to catch Anne's eye, but she was looking elsewhere. They sat on comfortably, with small feeling of being shamed, until, in an incredibly short time, the theatre was empty. He helped her into her coat, evening again the low-cut pink wool dress that matched it.

"I think this is the prettiest outfit I ever saw," Anne remarked, "and the most becoming I've seen you wear. That's saying quite something."

"I'm glad you like it," Anne smiled. "It was exciting to have a real reason for buying something new."

"Shall we go now?" Paul asked. "I imagine Morley will be waiting."

He picked her up again easily, and in a few minutes they were in the car. When they were out of the worst traffic, Anne turned toward him.

"Paul," she said, and her voice broke a little. "I simply haven't words to tell you how much this evening has meant to me! I can't thank you enough for planning it and making me go."

"It's meant even more to me," he answered, "and if it made you happy, I'm infinitely more so."

They rode on in silence for some time while waves of ten-

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derness seemed to lap them round.

"I must explain about Bill Lamson," she said at last. "It was all very awkward, and yet I'm wicked enough to be glad he saw me there. You see, we were practically engaged before my accident."

"So that was it," Paul said slowly.

"I know now," Anne went on, "that I didn't really love him, but I was fond of him; I'd known him since dancing-class days, and it seemed rather inevitable. I had not accepted a ring, but it was all rather settled." She was looking away from him out of the window.

"When I was hurt, no one could see me for several weeks. Of course, Bill telephoned then and sent flowers. But when the word got out that I couldn't walk and might never again, he stopped calling up, and he never once came to see me. I think he was scared to death for fear in some way he might be involved."

"The dog!" Paul gritted between his teeth.

"No," Anne said slowly. "He's young and extremely athletic. Most of the time we spent together we were doing something active—you know: golf, tennis, skating, dancing. I loved doing them all so much, too." Her voice caught in spite of herself.

"At first it hurt unmercifully, but gradually I began to realise that a marriage with him would have been the greatest possible mistake. We really had nothing in common but these things I've mentioned. So it was best that he broke clean. Oh, he kept on sending red roses! Waggonloads of them. I still hate the sight of them. Davy used to send them straight to the hospitals! But you see how it was tonight. I'd never seen

him since I was hurt, and it did my pride good somehow to meet him out, like any other girl, with an escort. Oh, you don't think too badly of me, do you, for that?"

For answer he drew her close. His throat was too choked to answer. The tragic little sentence, "I loved doing them all so much, too," rang in his heart like a knell. Never until this

moment of her confession had he felt the full weight of her enforced renunciation. How could she accept the tragedy as she had done? His heart yearned toward her with an overpowering burst of pity and love.



"Look! You kept harping about a bookshelf, so I built you a bookshelf!"

"And then," she was saying, "that last little innuendo I used, dragging you in, as it were. You must forgive me for that under the circumstances."

He spoke then. "You mean it was not true?"

Anne laughed. "Oh, the witness refuses to answer on the

grounds that she may . . . why, here we are at home! The ride went so fast."

The car had stopped and Morley was holding the door. Paul went around to Anne's side, picked her up again, and went in.

"To the library?" he asked.

"If you can hold out that far."

Once in the quiet room, Paul stood, making no move to put her down. His face was so

body shaken with emotion by what had passed.

The letter came to his desk by special messenger the next day. He glanced at the handwriting and then opened it with ecstatic haste.

"Dear Paul:

"I have had some anxious moments before, but after last night it is necessary that I make my position entirely clear. Our friendship has given me much pleasure, but it cannot ever lead to any normal climax. Therefore it is best that it should not continue."

"I cannot see you again. And, if you are as kind as I think, you will make no effort of any kind to communicate with me. It would be useless to do so, for my mind is unalterably set, knowing as I do, much better than you, the full circumstances involved. This is a final goodbye. May God bless you always."

"Sincerely and gratefully,"

"Anne."

Paul sat stunned, holding the small note before him. The minutes passed; then he grasped the telephone and dialled Anne's number. His heart was still thudding, but his lips were relaxed. The thing to do was to refuse to take it seriously, even for a moment. Light, joking phrases flashed through his mind. "Did you actually think I would pay any attention to this crazy message?" Or perhaps: "I can't decipher a line of this letter, but I'm coming out tonight to reply in person!"

"Hello," said the quiet voice of Miss Davis.

"Oh, this is Paul Devereux. May I speak to Anne, please?"

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid you can't."

"Why not? Is she ill?"

"No," Miss Davis seemed to be having difficulty with her reply. "It is . . . I mean . . . she does not wish to speak to you."

"I don't believe it!" Paul burst out, then added quickly, "I'm sorry, Davy, but I simply have to talk to her."

"Her orders are definite, Mr. Devereux. I cannot go against them."

There was a pause, and then Paul said, "Will you please give her a message, then?"

"I can't even do that. She does not wish to communicate with you in any way whatever, and oh, Mr. Devereux, if you are wise and kind you will accept this intention at once."

"Wise," Paul echoed, "kind!" And, unable to say more, he hung up the phone.

He was well disciplined. A brief had to be prepared before tomorrow, and, gritting his teeth, he went at it. He did not dare consider his personal concerns further until after five o'clock that night. He worked straight through the lunch hour, for a heaviness in the region of his heart took away all appetite. As he was setting his desk for the night a message came from Hartwell. When Paul went in to his office the old man eyed him shrewdly.

"What's wrong, Paul? You look rather white round the gills."

"A little tired, maybe, and I did skip lunch." He forced a smile.

"Well, a good dinner may fettle you, as the Scotch say. And about the invitation you gave the other day? Does it still stand?"

"It certainly does. When could you come?"

"Tomorrow evening, perhaps?"

"I'll consult my landlady tonight and report in the morning. It's almost sure to be all right with her. That will be fine, sir!" He tried to make his voice sound hearty. He couldn't possibly put the old man off, and yet he desperately

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New Hope for every Man and Woman who Suffers the Crippling Pains and Tortures of

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wanted to keep the next evenings free for attempts of every kind to break through the barrier Anne had imposed.

He paused again in his own office beside his desk. The impulse to call Kirkland was overpowering; and yet he felt it might be better to wait a little longer. He went on home drearily enough, hope alternating with despair within him. If it was merely her own condition which had prompted Anne's letter, he felt sure he could convince her of the absolute feasibility of their marriage along with the joy he pictured at the very thought of it. But suppose, in contrast to his hopes, she felt none of the emotion for him that he did for her? Suppose he had been a rash, presuming fool?

No girl could receive such a kiss as he had given her the night before without being aware that a man's passionate heart lay behind it. If this passion were unacceptable to her, she would then put a stop to the friendship. And since she could not, like other girls, plead other engagements to graduate the blow, it would have to be dealt summarily.

So his painful thoughts ran as he choked down an unappetising dinner in the restaurant and went back to his room. Old Hartwell's visit had to be arranged for. He found Mrs. MacLeod in her small parlor and broached the matter. She was at once enthusiastic.

"It'll be no trouble in the least. In fact, it will do me good to have something special to do. How would a nice bit of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding be? With a light custard for a finish since the pudding's so rich?" Her blue eyes brightened, her grey bangs quivered, and all her neat, plump, capable small body seemed to come alive with anticipation.

"And, as to serving it upstairs, I can manage nicely with setting up the table before you come home—maybe you'd just clear it off tonight, since I wouldn't want to mislay anything—and then, would you want a first course?"

"I think not. He's an old man and I fancy the simpler

Continuing . . . The Golden Journey

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we keep it all, the more to his liking. Do you have any wine-glasses?"

"Aye. For port would it be? That's a nice old gentleman's drink. Oh, I've got some glasses. Left over from the good old days. And a couple bottles of port, too, mind you, if you want them!"

"Thanks just the same, but you may need them yourself. I'll pick up a bottle tomorrow. I do appreciate all this, Mrs. MacLeod, and now I'll leave the rest to you."

He managed to get away after a few more details had pursued him up the stairs. In his own room he sat down at his desk and started a letter.

"Anne, darling," he wrote with a hand not too steady.

Then he crumpled the sheet and threw it away. That might strike her as being as presumptuous as his kiss. He wrote simply as last:

"Dear Anne:

"I am utterly at a loss to understand the finality of your letter. That I must have deeply offended you by my action last night is apparent. I can only beg you to forgive me and let me come as soon as you possibly can to explain the reason for my behaviour. You are too kind, too just, to deny me this privilege. I need hardly tell you that I am desperately unhappy until I hear from you. I will telephone when you have had time to receive this.

"Yours, always,
"Paul."

He sealed it after several readings and propped it before him to give him hope. He would send it tomorrow from the office by special messenger. No, he suddenly thought, the regular mail would be more sure to reach her. He opened the envelope, selected a fresh one, and disguised his hand as he once again addressed it. It seemed a cheap enough little trick, but the necessity was heavy.

The next day was arid and empty after a sleepless night. No sign from Anne; no reply to

his phone call; no word from Kirkland, this latter seeming even more ominous at this point than the other; but it would still be best, Paul felt, to wait for the older man to open up the subject. It was, strictly speaking, his own and Anne's affair, and he would leave it so until Kirkland made a move.

Hartwell had showed real pleasure as he heard that the plan for that evening was settled and had promised to be at Paul's rooms by seven. When he reached home at six he found Mrs. MacLeod had outdone herself in preparation. His sitting-room looked almost festive

lightened a little as he filled the decanter from the bottle he had brought and placed a box of fresh cigars beside the most comfortable chair. He was glad, after all, that he was not to be alone tonight, and glad especially that it was Hartwell who was joining him. There was definitely a bond between them, and a very real affection on his own part at least.

When the old gentleman arrived, very elegant and immaculate as to black suit and linen, his delight was touching.

"Why have I lived all my years in a hotel room?" he demanded. "I have no knack at making myself comfortable. Back of that inability, though, there is the fact that, behind my

commended, "and I see you remembered my smoke!"

He picked a cigar from the box, lighted and drew on it appreciatively, took a sip of port, and then stroked his snug-fitting vest.

"A child could play with me now," he observed whimsically.

Paul laughed as he lit his cigarette. Even to him, though, the sound seemed strained, in spite of his satisfaction in the old man's pleasure, for he found the effort of playing host a heavy one. Hartwell, he saw, was looking at him with fondness.

"Well, now that we're alone at last with an evening before us, we can talk to some purpose. All our chats in the office have had to be brief. I might as well tell you one thing before we start. From the first time we met I have felt strongly drawn to you. I'm not a man given to sentimentality, but I have grown to think of you to myself almost as a son. I hope you don't mind."

"I'm more honored than I can say. And I've had the same sort of feeling about you. I was thinking of it before you came tonight. My family, sadly enough, is gone, and I feel that you, more than any other person, do stand in loco parentis to me. I can't tell you how I appreciate it. And," he added, smiling, "you must always feel free to take me in hand, set me straight, and give me advice whenever you see that I need it."

Hartwell was moved. He touched his eyes gingerly with a lean forefinger, blew his nose, and then drew hard on his cigar as he looked off across the room.

"I have some things I've been wanting to say, though you may not be interested. I realise that the State senatorship, with perhaps a governor's chair some day and beyond that Washington beckoning, is the most glamorous daydream for a young man who is politically minded, especially the highest type of young man. But I happen to hold some odd ideas about the place to start. Mind if I enlarge on this a little?"

"You know I would welcome it," Paul said earnestly.

"Well, this is the point. Something has been happening to our city governments over the years. There has always been too much corruption in them, but now it's changing from bad hands to worse. Back in Boss Tweed's day in New York, graft was certainly rampant. But now, instead of the old-time bosses like Tweed, the gangsters have taken over."

"Ah," Paul breathed, "I've had occasion lately to think of that."

"It's time we all did some thinking. It's a strange, vicious, elusive, organised dictatorship. They never run for office. They just want to control the politicians, beginning on the lowest levels." He drew a long sigh. "I love my country passionately, but I often grieve for her! I worry, too."

"You wouldn't be telling me this, if you hadn't thought of a possible solution," Paul said.

The old man smiled grimly. "The solution is so simple that it has never been tried and may never be. It's just this. If one city government from mayor down were completely honest, determined, and incorruptible, they could run out every organised vice ring in six months."

"You think so?"

"I know it." He leaned forward, his eyes fixed on Paul's face. "And if I were a young man again, I'd take a try at it."

Paul looked very uncomfortable. "I'm more than interested in all you've said and you've given me a lot to think about, but I still believe, in my own case . . ."

"Of course," Hartwell said gently, relaxing again in his chair, "you have your plans and your ambitions already set. I just couldn't resist airing one of my pet ideas."

"You see," Paul went on earnestly. "I am rather committed to Mr. Kirkland. I have started on this course with the other aim in view—it may end suddenly, though, I don't know . . ."

All at once the weight of his trouble fell with full force again

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IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

● This week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation is the last of the series. It has been won by Mrs. C. Roberts, Bath St., Alice Springs, N.T.

HERE is her entry: The expression "Gird up your loins," meaning prepare for action, is in common use. It occurs in the Book of Job, chapter 38, verse 3:

"Gird up now they loins like a man; for I shall demand of thee, and answer thou me."

with the table already laid and a bowl of spring flowers gracing it.

"I never thought of flowers," Paul told her as she surveyed the scene proudly, "but it's a fine touch."

"There's nothing like a bit posy to give an air to a table," she said, "and I've set a decanter and glasses there on the desk for you. Now I'll go back to the kitchen and you just call when you're ready. I don't think you'll be ashamed of the dinner!"

Paul patted her shoulder and thanked her again as she bustled off. His heavy heart

office front, I'm a shy, sensitive, ingrown creature. I've lived with my profession all day and my books at night, and thought I liked the impersonal atmosphere of a hotel best. Well—this looks more than cosy and I'm glad I'm here!"

They sat down to the excellent dinner, talking only lightly as they ate, each feeling real conversation belonged later, when there would be no interruption. When Mrs. MacLeod had made her final exit, laden with praise, they settled into the easy chairs and Paul poured the port.

"Just my drink," Hartwell



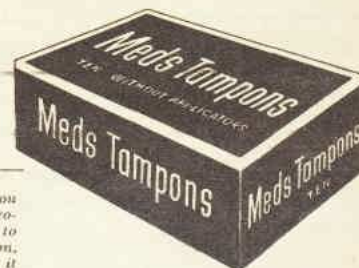
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upon him. Hartwell eyed him keenly.

"My boy," he said, "a blind man could see that you've not been yourself the past few days. Far be it from me to press you, but if it would help to have a confidant, I'm as safe as a sealed tomb—aside from the fact that I care very deeply about all that concerns you."

Paul sat for a moment silent, and then said slowly, "I am extremely unhappy. It would be an enormous relief to tell you everything from the beginning. I believe I will."

Hartwell did not look at him as he talked. In the briefest possible words Paul told of Kirkland's original plan, of his own first refusal, of his later meeting with Anne and its strange result. Once started, it seemed easy to confess all, even his love. It was like unburdening himself to a father. Besides there might now be removed from Hartwell's eyes the question which had been there ever since he had first known of Paul's connection with Kirkland.

When he stopped, there was a brief silence. Then Hartwell spoke slowly. "You are truly in love with this girl?"

"I am."

"And this is completely independent of your affairs with Kirkland?"

"Completely. Utterly."

"Then, your path seems to me very blessed and fortunate, if she feels the same."

"But I haven't told you all. It seems she doesn't. At least she sent word two days ago that she did not wish to see me again."

Hartwell drew a deep breath. "Is there anyone else, do you know?"

"I'm sure there is not."

"Not likely, in her situation. I think, Paul, there is more to that message than meets the eye. She may only be afraid to let herself go on with this. She will see all the obstacles ahead in a marriage more clearly than you do. Women are wise. As to falling in love with you—I don't see how she could resist you!"

Paul gave a short bitter laugh. "I'm certainly no prize, compared to her. Well, it has helped to talk about it anyway. I've been pretty pent up. Now, just forget all my problems. I'll let you know if things get straightened out, and I'm really very grateful to you for listening—and caring."

"You did me an honor," the old man said. "I'll just add one thing more. Don't give up. You are innately a modest man. Don't let that get in your way now. And good luck to you!"

They began then, as though nothing had been said, to talk of other things: some new book, a case they were handling in the office, and at the last, for the old man left early, their mutual pleasure in the evening.

"We must do this often," Paul said warmly. "It's just what I've been needing. You will come again, won't you?"

"My dear boy, don't ask me if you don't want me. This has been my happiest evening in years."

When he was alone, Paul wondered to himself why the one thing on his mind he had left unsaid was the episode of C and Arno. It was exactly in line with Hartwell's conversation, and yet—he had held it back. Perhaps the reason was an instinctive desire to be sure before he spoke. As for the rest, what he had told Hartwell had somehow relaxed the tight feeling about his heart. At least, now he would never be alone, as long as the old man lived.

For the next week Paul worked by day and followed Arno's list as well as he could in the evenings, putting in a

good word for Halsey in those groups into which he quietly insinuated himself. He found himself loafing in corner drug-stores, in garages, in pool rooms, in saloons. The pattern was not difficult to arrive at after a few feelers as to party line.

"Well, have you decided who you want for governor on our ticket?"

This could be put casually, but he always allowed his voice to carry.

"I'm for Halsey myself," he would go on. "Tell you why. The big money's behind Dunham. You know! Barker interests. If they get him elected, big business is going to run this State. Now I want a man who's for the people. Think it over. Might make a big difference to all of us! Hope you're enrolled so you can vote in the primaries! Don't forget! April twenty-fifth, you know!"

He learned what he had always vaguely known, that he could be all things to all men. The common touch, so to speak, was his possession. It would be even more apparent in the country than in the city. The cracker-barrel stuff, as Kirkland had called it, was part of his birthright.

And each day he wrote to Anne; each day he phoned without success; twice he had gone to the house, to be met by Hackett, who eyed him strangely and with a set face told him Miss Anne was not at home.

By Friday he could endure it no longer. He called Kirkland, but was forced to give Miss Sayles the message. Her voice sounded more icy than ever as she reported that Mr. Kirkland would see him at four-thirty.

When he entered the familiar office, Kirkland rose and greeted him stiffly. His face looked haggard and old and grey.

"You've been ill, sir?" The question leaped from Paul's lips.

"No, not ill. Sit down. I've been waiting for you to come. I thought at least an explanation was due to me."

"But I can't explain it," Paul said despairingly. "I'm as much in the dark as you are. I've wanted to come to you ever since I got her letter, but I was waiting for you to make some sign. Today I felt I couldn't stand it any longer without talking to you . . ."

Kirkland's eyes were piercing him. His face was frozen with amazement.

"You mean Anne . . . you mean it was not you who broke with her?"

"No! Is that what you thought?"

"What else could I think? The day after you took her to the theatre she told me she wouldn't be seeing you again and didn't want to hear your name mentioned. It was only natural for me to think you had found out that night—taking her out in her condition—that you couldn't go on with the whole thing and had somehow made her understand it. Don't you see how it looked to me?"

It was Paul's turn to be amazed.

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"I do see, but you couldn't be more wrong. The evening went much more smoothly, much more naturally than even I had expected. I gave Anne plenty of evidence of how much I enjoyed it. Too much," he added under his breath. "And I was sure she enjoyed it, too. The next day her note came. No explanation, but definitely final. I've telephoned every day and oftener. I've written her, I've gone to the house. I simply can't get through to her, and I'm about as sunk as a man can get."

Kirkland sat as though dazed, watching Paul and at intervals saying "So! So!" in a low voice.

"Well," he said at last, "I feel as though a weight—one big weight—was removed. The thing left now is to find out why she did this. She has seemed up to this point so, shall we say, amenable to your attentions, hasn't she?"

"I was sure of it," Paul said. "I was perhaps too sure of myself, or rather of her."

"Did anything happen at the theatre that would have upset her? Was she embarrassed, do you think? See anyone she knew?"

"I don't think she was embarrassed, but she did see an old friend, Bill Lamson. He and a girl were sitting right in front of us."

"The devil he was!" Kirkland said bitterly. "I was sure she was all over that. This is bad news to me. Very!"

"No, sir," Paul said eagerly. "I'm sure you have that wrong. She told me all about Bill on the way home. She said it had done her pride good for him to see her out with an escort, like any other girl. I could swear from what she said that she has no feeling for him now whatever."

"Thank God!" Kirkland said, adding: "The young swine!"

"Quite!" Paul agreed sagely. "But, personally, I'm glad he was."

"Anything else, then," Kirkland probed, "did anything else happen which could have upset her?"

"Well," Paul answered, "when we got back to the library . . ." He hesitated. "She is . . . very beautiful and I was holding her in my arms . . . I'm afraid I did let myself go . . ."

Kirkland eyed the ceiling. His expression was far from condemnatory.

"I guess then that was it," he said slowly, "but just what her reaction means, even I would not dare to say. At least, my boy, I'm in the clear now. I know where we stand, and you and I, and I can't tell you the relief it is. I've been thinking pretty badly of you, and I beg your pardon. I guess we may have to do some waiting. Women, Anne especially, can't be pushed. She won't even discuss it with her grandmother, who is usually her confidant in everything. But we can still hope."

He sat, thoughtful, and then went on.

"My father used to say there were two ways to take a fort. One was by direct attack and the other was . . ."

"By siege?"

"By withdrawing a little, concealing your forces and keeping the enemy guessing."

For the first time in days Paul laughed with normal young mirth.

"You're a good ally, sir," he said. "I won't accept the word 'enemy,' of course, but otherwise the technique may have something in it for me. Somehow, you've cheered me up. Maybe a little relaxing will do me good just now."

Paul thought for a long time that night when he returned to

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The Golden Journey

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his room; then he wrote another letter.

"Dear Anne,

"Forgive me for everything, including the nuisance I've been making of myself in disregarding your wishes. I will not bother you for some time. Perhaps we both need to relax a little. As for thinking of you, I can't promise not to do that."

"Yours always,
"Paul."

In spite of the constant deep ache in his heart, Paul found a certain relief in the sudden cessation of his effort to break Anne's silence. He began to eat and sleep better, to find new mental fertility in connection with his daily work and his outside activities. When Halsey swept the State in the party's primary, Paul had a strong feeling of personal elation. It was as though he, himself, had been advanced; and when Kirkland invited him to lunch with the new candidate he went with eagerness.

He found Halsey a blond, heavy-set, good-looking man of fifty-five, genial, socially polished, with keen eyes and a weak chin. In spite of the fact that he bore out Hartwell's description of him, Paul had a warm, pleasant feeling of sitting in the seats of the mighty as he chatted with the two older men.

"Mr. Kirkland tells me you're one of the men who are going to take the stump for me, Devoreux. That's mighty kind of you. I wonder if we could outline your programme a little right now?"

"Fine!" said Kirkland at once, as Paul hastened, also, to agree.

"Now, as I see it, I've got a good chance of carrying the cities," he glanced briefly at Kirkland, who nodded—"but my weakest spot may be the country sections; this county for one. My opponent, Thompson, is pretty strong here. So, if you could start work among the farmers and the small-town people at this end of the State, it would be fine, eh, Kirkland?"

"That's the way I figured it. You see, Paul has the right background. He grew up in the country."

"That's right," Paul said, "so I can talk crops with the best of them. If you've once ploughed a field, you know, you've got the open sesame to a farmer's door."

"This is wonderful!" Halsey exclaimed. "My boy, you're a gift from heaven! I not only never ploughed a field, but I'm a little shaky as to which is wheat and which is oats when they're first coming up. Rye is clean beyond me! Corn, now, I'm pretty sure of."

Paul laughed. "If you had ever hoed a cornfield as a boy, you'd be surer still!"

"We'll get everything lined up soon," Halsey went on. "Needless to say, I have the greatest confidence in Mr. Kirkland's decisions. By the way, how much time can you give to this?"

"I've got a job, of course," Paul said, "in a law firm, but my bosses know my interest and are disposed to be lenient. I should say I could take one day off each week and I'm quite willing to use all my summer vacation if necessary and, of course, most evenings."

"Good! Fine! We'll see you don't lose anything in the long run. Mr. Kirkland has told me of your own ambitions. We'll not forget you!"

So it had gone. Smoothly, pleasantly, and competently in accordance with his own desire. The candidate for Governor—indeed, one could almost say the next Governor—was calling him Paul, was promising him aid in the future, indefinite, perhaps, but still promising.

When he repeated the conversation to Hartwell, the old

man pulled his moustache ends down to two parentheses about his chin as he listened to the climax.

"Uh-huh!" he remarked. "First law of politics. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours!"

"Well, what's wrong with that?" Paul asked a bit testily.

"Nothing," Hartwell replied blandly; "nothing at all. So far," he added.

With his summer's campaign work outlined and his vacation to be taken over by it, Paul decided to give himself a week-end out of the city. With the full coming on of May he had begun to long for the country. Besides, he should, he told himself, check on the condition of things at the farm. There was still another reason. In his Memorial Day speech he had used the general theme of the early settlers of America as an introduction; how much better if he could make it personal and explicit.

When he had rented the farm to the Oakes', a kindly, thrifty couple he had known from boyhood, he had left most of the furniture in its place, only putting in the attic a few old

cream and butter crocks standing in the clear stream.

He brought himself up short with something like a physical pain in his heart, climbed the steps, and knocked at the kitchen door. Odd, to come back after the separating years and knock at your own door! At least it opened now quickly, for they were expecting him. Mr. Oakes was calmly cordial.

"Well, Paul," he said, shaking his hand as he transferred his pipe, "bout time you was showing up here, ain't it? Been quite a while."

Mrs. Oakes gave him just the welcome he needed. She patted him with motherly affection, while her delight showed in her kindly face, flushed now with the excitement of his visit.

"My, Paul, I'm that glad to see you! And don't you look good, though! Handsomer every time you come. It's a wonder some girl hasn't snapped you up long before this! Now, would you like to sit down right here in the kitchen for a minute where we can look at you! We've got a fire in the sittin'-room if you'd rather . . . It gets cool, evenings."

"This is perfect, Mrs. Oakes. Just let me get the feel of it again. I'll go to the sitting room

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



pieces and some of his mother's books and papers. He remembered that she had written at one time a modest little family history of her people, the MacBanes, and he meant to look for it. It might give him the springboard he needed for his speech.

The trip to the farm, the first he had made in his new car, was all pleasure. Gradually, as the miles lengthened, the familiar rise and slope of hills, the wide, bright levels of the new wheat, the green and flushing rose of the woods where as a boy he had trapped a possum and found the first arbutus—all this unfolded him and brought at once the sweet pangs of memory.

He drove along the lane at five o'clock past the old watering trough under the walnut trees, and up to the big clapboard house at the end. It had been repainted last fall by his order and he noted its whiteness now with pleasure.

A wave of homesickness swept over him as he parked his car and went toward the back steps. There was the big catalpa tree under which they had always sat on warm Sunday afternoons; there was the long, low woodshed, and there the path down to the old springhouse! He had always loved the errands to it when he was a boy. He used to pause in its cool stone fastness, listening to the water running through its narrow channel, before he stopped to lift the lids from the

later. Oh, something smells good!"

"It's fried chicken," she reported, all smiles.

"Wonderful, Mrs. Oakes. Say, I'm happy to be here. I want to see everything and I must leave Sunday after breakfast so I'll soak up as much of it as I can meanwhile."

He sat down in one of the wooden rockers in the corner of the kitchen, and drew a long breath which had in it a sigh for the past forever gone, and the relaxing peace of the present.

Something rich and nourishing welled up within him drawn from the deep, permanent roots of childhood and youth. It was no effort to talk with the Oakes', for he had known them all his life and could slip easily back into the farm vernacular.

When the early supper was ready he went up to the big spare bedroom above the parlor to freshen after his journey, and found everything there as it had always been, with his mother's best quilt on the big walnut bed. From the window he could see the wide fields, both green and freshly ploughed and beyond them the rise of Sugar Hill, colored now by pink sunset clouds.

He ate an enormous meal realising how desperately sated he was with restaurant fare, and when the big white layer cake, and home-canned peaches from the orchard trees ap-

peared, he told Mrs. Oakes solemnly that he craved no more of life!

When the Oakes' had retired at their usual early hour, Paul took a flashlight and repaired to the third floor. Everything in the huge attic was in order, with the stillness of disuse and the repose of the past upon it. He glanced around briefly and then crossed to the big secretary where his mother's books and papers were. He opened the doors and picked up volume after volume worn from much reading, accented with many underlinings which he picked out with his flashlight. There was Shakespeare, Thoreau, and Emerson; there was Lawrence Sterne and Bunyan, Longfellow and Tennyson.

The last book he picked up was a small one, much worn and annotated. It was selections from the works of Stevenson, and one line, carefully underscored, struck him with violence. It read: "The lie of a good woman is the true index of her heart." He put the tiny volume in his pocket, for later consideration.

At last, in a drawer, he found the real object of his search. It was a notebook with the words "A Brief History of the MacBane Family" written on the cover. He recalled reading it as a young boy, at his mother's earnest insistence. He had been cruelly indifferent then, at fifteen, to what must have meant much to her after years of careful work in collecting the material, selecting, and writing it down.

How forgiving the heart of a mother! he mused, as he gave one more glance about him and then, with the notebook in hand, went back down the stairs to the sitting-room. He drew the light nearer and began to read.

"The first of our family to come to America was John MacBane, a Scot, who with his wife, Isabel, arrived in Philadelphia after a rough four weeks' steerage crossing on April 5, 1774. These facts are set down in an old Bible which used to be in my grandfather's possession. I still recall the brief notation underneath: Infant child died at sea . . ."

Paul read on absorbed. The record dealt mostly with genealogical data, but in between were inserted stories of pioneer days handed down from father to son, or taken from old diaries and letters which had been borrowed from here and there. The drama of these, set between the quiet statements of birth and death, was fiercely evocative.

Paul's eyes were moist as he closed the notebook and sat thinking. At last he put out the light and started upstairs, carrying the notebook reverently. He would take it with him and keep it always.

When he was ready for bed, however, it was the small Stevenson volume he took out and looked at again. That his mother, to whom truth was practically a fetish, should have underscored this line was mysterious indeed.

He read the line again: "The lie of a good woman is the true index of her heart."

He got into the big walnut bed and lay thinking in the dark. Could it be—oh, dared he believe it? That Anne's hard words belonged in this class? "I do not want to see him again," she had told her father. "She does not wish to communicate with you in any way," Miss Davis had reported.

He was all at once very still and relaxed. The faint bay of the dog over the hills only served to accentuate the lenitive quality of the quiet. A peace flowed over him. Coming weeks might prove this new interpretation to be a mistaken one, but for this night under his own roof, this tender, brooding springtime night, he was going to rest in hope.

To be continued

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Photographed in the home of A. F. Goodrich. Builder G. S. Hunter.

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DEBBIE MAKES BOMBE ALASKA

● Debbie, our teenage chef, loves to serve individual bombes alaska (at right) when there are guests for dinner. You, too, can make them as successfully as Debbie, if you follow her step-by-step instructions.

The base of the sweet is a simple butter cake with ice-cream spooned into a hollow in the top of each piece.

The cakes are placed on a thick cooking board and completely covered with stiff meringue, which must be drawn well down on to the board to make an air-tight covering. This prevents the oven heat from melting the ice-cream.



MAKE CAKE: Cream 4oz. butter with 6oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Add 2 eggs. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Bake in greased 9in. tin 25 minutes in moderate oven.



CUT COLD CAKE into circles with a small, sharp knife, using a medium-size scone-cutter or tumbler as a guide. Reserve cake trimmings for use in trifle or baked crumb custard.



MARK A SMALL CIRCLE on top of each piece of cake with a small cutter and scoop out a little of the cake with a teaspoon. Place a generous spoonful of ice-cream in the hollow.



PLACE cakes on a thick board, cover quickly with prepared meringue, drawing it well down on to the board to make it airtight. For meringue, beat 2 egg-whites stiffly with 6 level tablespoons sugar. Color and flavor as liked.



SLIDE the bombes, still on the thick board, into the centre of a hot oven. Reduce heat immediately, bake 5 minutes to slightly set and brown the meringue. Remove from cooking board, serve at once decorated with strawberries.

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DESSERT WINS £5

A delicious, easy-to-make banana caramel dessert wins this week's prize of £5.

ICE-CREAM, which pairs well with many hot sweets, is very good with this banana dessert. Baked fish with cucumber stuffing wins the consolation prize of £1. It is a satisfying

dish for a meatless lunch or dinner. Spoon measurements in all recipes are level.

BANANA CARAMEL DESSERT

Six bananas, 2 tablespoons finely chopped preserved ginger (sugar removed, or use ginger preserved in syrup), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2oz. butter, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Peel bananas, leave whole, and place in a greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle with finely chopped ginger and lemon juice. Melt butter, add brown sugar, and heat until sugar is dissolved and well mixed with the butter. Add vanilla, pour over the bananas. Bake in very moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve at once with ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Miss E. Parton, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

BAKED FISH WITH CUCUMBER STUFFING

Two tablespoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 1 cup coarsely ground dried bread, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup chopped cucumber, 1 tablespoon water, 6 fish fillets, melted butter, tomato sauce.

Brown onion in shortening; put onion, bread, salt, pepper, cucumber, and water into a basin. Mix together, cover, and let stand 10 minutes. Put 3 fish fillets in a baking-dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and put one-third of stuffing on each. Top with another fish fillet and fasten together with cocktail sticks or cotton. Brush surface with melted butter, pour tomato sauce over,

and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes.

Tomato Sauce: Put 1 cup cooked tomatoes, ½ cup water, ½ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper into a saucepan, and simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, blend smoothly, then add tomato liquid. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. R. Schmid, Hale St., Renmark, S.A.



SAVORY MINCEMEAT CASSEROLE, a satisfying meat dish that is easy to make and reasonably economical. See the recipe at right.

SAVORY CASSEROLE

TWO pounds minced topside steak, ¼ cup chopped celery, 1 carrot, chopped, 1 onion, chopped, 1 grated potato, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon-rind, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1½ cups water, 3 gherkins, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup peas, fried bread cubes.

Place steak in saucepan with celery, carrot, onion, potato, lemon-rind, chutney, and water. Cook until meat changes color. Turn into casserole. Add chopped gherkins, salt and pepper, tomato sauce, and Worcestershire sauce. Cover and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes; add peas. Continue cooking until peas and meat are tender. Serve hot with fried bread cubes.

Tony's luxury dish PORK PATE

"THE container in which the pate is cooked is important," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club. "The ideal is a medium-sized oval earthenware terrine or dish with a tight cover. The pate is a delicious savory spread."

One pound fresh pork, 1lb. mild sausage meat, 2 quarter-inch slices boiled ham, salt

and freshly ground black pepper to taste, ¼ teaspoon sage.

Season pork and sausage meat with salt and pepper (black), freshly ground. The amount of seasoning required depends on the type of sausage meat; there should not be any sage in the sausage meat when you get it from your butcher. Line the terrine with half of the sausage meat, over this place a slice of ham cut to fit the shape of the terrine. Over the ham place the fresh

pork. If the pork cannot be kept in one piece, make the layer smooth and tight by fitting small pieces together. Cover with another slice of ham and fill the terrine with the rest of the sausage meat, put on the cover and seal it with a paste made of flour and water. Place the terrine in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hours. Cool and place in the refrigerator overnight. The pate will keep for a week.

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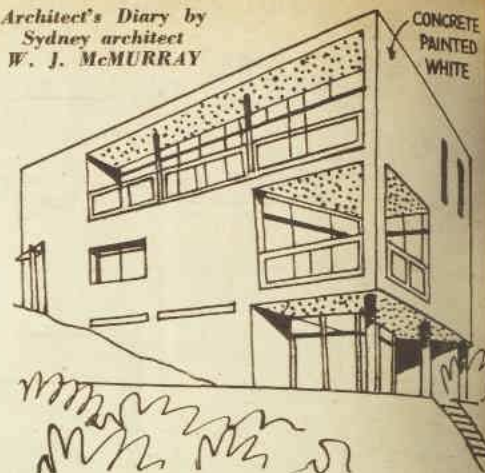
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 15, 1956

CHANGING BUILDING STYLES

Architect's Diary by
Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY



EARLY EUROPEAN CONTEMPORARY. An example of the 1920-35 style of architecture illustrating the reaction to the ornate houses of the Victorian era (see illustration at left below). The buildings, to the Australian eye, seem cold and hard, and they were divorced from the garden by being raised on piers or columns. This style has generally given way to the blending of windows with garden and using less harsh building materials.

Margaret Scott has a loyalty and love for all things Australian, so she was particularly incensed about a recent reference to the "punk" standard of architecture in this country.

"I've travelled quite a bit," said Margaret, "and I'm convinced that the average Australian home compares more than favorably with a similar class of home overseas."

"Unfortunately, people become a little confused at times as to what really constitutes architecture," I replied. "The term broadly could refer to the general building habits of Australia. Generally speaking, criticisms of this type are confined to very academic considerations of aesthetics in building which often have little significance to the public."

"But Australia seems to have a continual flow of visitors whose main object appears to be to belittle everything Australian, including cities, industries, music, art, and now architecture," said Margaret heatedly.

"The true architecture of any country in the world does not necessarily mean the latest fashionable examples," I said. "If there is a fault in Australian architecture it lies in the fact that we are being constantly over-awed by publicised trends overseas."

"These developments in their originating country may constitute something worthwhile. Transplanted in a set of foreign conditions with no consideration of local climatic conditions and other factors, they are at best a fashionable 'oddy' and are seldom absorbed into the local building tradition."

"You agree, then, that the Australian is not altogether ignorant in failing to accept some of these stark structures that are being put forward as superior examples of domestic architecture?" said Margaret.

"The Australian is not alone in reacting against this kind of building," I replied. "The type of house you describe represents a very early period in contemporary architecture, from 1920 to 1935, in Europe and America."

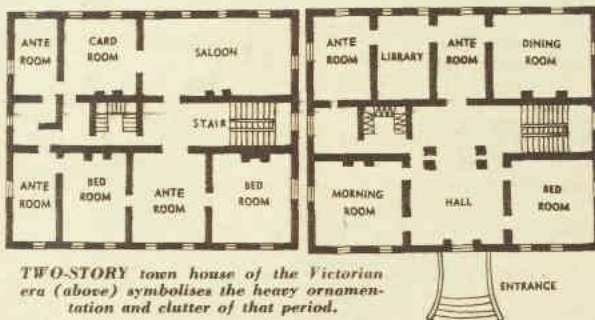
"The beginning of a 'new architecture' created something that now appears inhuman as a reaction to the home of the Victorian era, which

was overcluttered with ornament. This geometrical, box-like approach has now given way to a more human use of natural materials and the linking of the indoors with the garden."

"You feel, then," said Margaret, "that the appearance of these buildings is not the ultimate for this country."

"As far as domestic architecture is concerned, it has been relegated to the pioneer days of a 'new architecture.' The true architecture of this country, as in any country, will develop by the gradual improvement of the best features of local building methods."

"They will be automatically influenced by climatic conditions, the country's economy, the development of new building materials, and, above all, by the temperament of the people who occupy the buildings."



TWO-STORY town house of the Victorian era (above) symbolises the heavy ornamentation and clutter of that period.

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AN important and happy part of waiting for the arrival of a new baby is planning and collecting a layette.

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Fashion PATTERNS

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F3997.—Smartly tailored one-piece teenage dress. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F3992.—Front-buttoned shirtwaist dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F4031.—Slender-line one-piece designed for autumn. The contrast on the collar is velvet. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F4032.—Gracefully styled one-piece has a softly moulded bodice and moderate skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.



• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 64½ Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4866, G.P.O., Sydney); Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 85-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

Needlework Notions

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 175—PETTICOAT SLIP

Figure-moulding petticoat slip is obtainable cut out ready to make in white and colored plisse. The color choice includes pink, blue, lemon, and green. The lace trim is not supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 4/11, 36 and 38in. bust 4/6, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 176—TRAYCLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTE

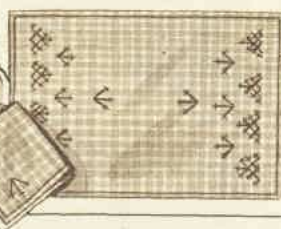
Gay twosome is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with an amusing motif. The material is good-quality tea-towelling printed with multi-colored stripes. Price, complete set, 7/11, postage 5d. extra.

No. 177—TEA-TOWELS

The towels are obtainable cut ready to sew, each towel is clearly traced to embroider with an amusing motif. The material is good-quality tea-towelling printed with multi-colored stripes. Price 6/11 each, postage 4d. extra. Set of three 18/11, postage and registration 2/- extra.

No. 178—CHILD'S LONG-LEGGED OVERALLS

The overalls are obtainable cut out ready to make in deep navy. The color choice includes Royal Stewart, McDuff, Prince Charles, and McBeth. Sizes: Length 23in. for 2 years 2/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 32in. for 4 years 2/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 37in. for 6 years 2/3, postage and registration 1/9 extra; 42in. for 8 years 2/9, postage and registration 1/9 extra.



For baby's tender skin...

Baby's delicate skin must be cared for with the very purest soap—that's why more mothers choose pure, mild PEARS than any other toilet soap. Each amber tablet is matured for 14 weeks to ensure perfect purity and mildness. Keep your baby's skin petal smooth.



Here's the BACKACHE



Where's the SLOAN'S

The persistent dull ache of a strained, aching back and the jabbing pains of lumbago are quickly eased by the pain-relieving warmth of Sloan's Liniment. Also stops pain of bruises, sprains, joint aches. Just pat it on.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT 2/9
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

BABY MAGAZINE caters for all young mothers. Each monthly issue contains practical advice and entertaining features. Price 2/- per copy at all newsagents, or send 24/- for 12 months' subscription to Baby Magazine, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 15, 1956



for mother's radiant complexion

Your skin will be as fine and petal smooth as baby's if you care for it with pure, mild PEARS. The 14 weeks' maturing process makes PEARS purer for baby—milder for you. So treat your complexion to a new, radiant loveliness. Pears lasts so much longer, too.



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Heartburn ? Indigestion ? YOU NEED Hardy's

INDIGESTION POWDER

(also available in tablet form)

Proved over years in thousands of cases

NO DIETING NECESSARY

START TREATING Haemorrhoids NOW!

The agony of Haemorrhoids (Piles) is the result of locally distended veins. This inflamed congested condition quickly responds to treatment with safe, sure ManZan. Get ManZan now for lasting relief from pain and irritation.

ManZan

With special nozzle applicator 4/- a tube at Chemists everywhere.

Page 61



Jatz have the tang which brings out the full rich flavour of Strawberry Conserve or any fine quality Jam.

Arnott's *famous* **JATZ** Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are anchored off the mysterious "Isle of the Giant," when a great fist threatens them from the water. Later, they see a scowling giant's head glaring at them from over the tree tops. Mandrake determines to solve the riddle. Ashore, two armed men take Mandrake and Lothar captive and say they must die for landing on the taboo island, NOW READ ON:



SEE YOUR SKIN TROUBLE GO in a few days



RUB ON—RASH GONE

Spots, pimples, eczema and rashes do not heal unless you get at their cause, the germs beneath your skin. No single antiseptic could destroy the whole range of these germs. That's why Valderma contains two powerful antiseptics. Rub Valderma on your skin several times a day. Repeat this treatment for a week. Within a day or two you will see the difference. Your skin will be clear and healthy. Valderma is non-greasy, does not clog the pores, allows septic matter to escape. It is soothing and relieves itching and irritation. Valderma is invisible on your skin and will not stain your clothing. At chemists and stores: 3/6d. Tubes 2/6d.

£10 a week for medicine!

Many of the so-called new wonder drugs are too costly for most sufferers. A Sydney man, Mr. Stanley East, of Victoria Road, Rozelle, a martyr to rheumatism, tells how it cost him £10 a week for one of these. It was very good—but each time he left it off the rheumatic pains returned as bad as ever. "I could not afford to keep it up," he said. "Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. I was amazed at the relief Menthoids gave me. They cost me only the price of a packet of cigarettes each week and now I never have a twinge of pain." If you or yours suffer rheumatic aches and pains, backache, tender, aching joints and muscles, kidney troubles or weaknesses, constant headaches, dizziness, hot flushes, certain types of blood trouble, start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids treatment TODAY and start to feel years younger in mind and body. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, with helpful diet chart, are 7/6 and 4/- everywhere.

What every woman should know about TAMPAX

Tampax was invented by a famous doctor more than 20 years ago. And because it is, so obviously, the safest, most comfortable and most hygienic form of sanitary protection, it is the choice to-day of many millions of fashionable women throughout the world. Worn internally, without belts or pins, Tampax gives you undreamed-of personal freedom, confidence and peace of mind. Not only does it provide superior protection, but every individual applicator of such perfect design that correct, hygienic use is simply achieved. With Tampax there's no chafing, no offending and disposal is so easy, too! There are two absorbencies: Regular (normal) and Super (extra absorbent, extra safe). In fairness to yourself—why not try it?

Write to-day for a free sample to:—

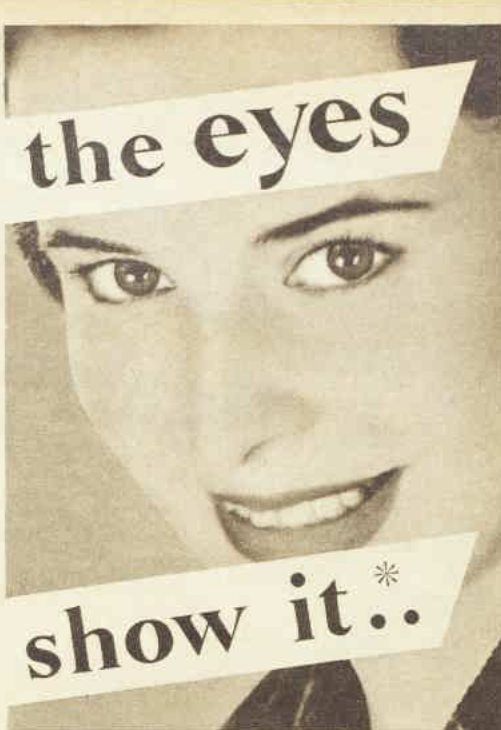
The Nurse, Dept. MUM, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. (Enclose 3/6 in loose stamps for postage.)

Name _____

Address _____

Please send me a sample of Regular/ Super Tampax in a plain wrapper. Mark absorbency required.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 15, 1936



YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

.. the HEALTH that comes with BEECHAM'S PILLS

In Boxes, 40—2/-, 100—4/6

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"MAGDA."—Smart front-buttoned coat-dress made in printed British cotton. The color choice includes red and black, blue and black, lemon and black, and green and black, all printed on a white ground. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 68/6, 36 and 38in. bust 89/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 68/6, 36 and 38in. bust 69/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

"DAVINA."—American-styled blouse in white and colored lawn. The color choice includes blue, pink, lemon, and green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 34/6, 36 and 38in. bust 35/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 22/6, 36 and 38in. bust 23/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

"LORETTA."—Separate skirt with flattering all-round gathers is made in printed non-iron novelty cotton. The color choice includes blue and black, green and black, and red and black, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist 49/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist 34/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



New MUM FLOWER FRAGRANT MUM

Now stops odour 24 hours a day. American scientists have shown that new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene—positively stops odour all the day through. Modern women demand this assurance against offending.

Safer for Charm—Safer for Skin—Safer for Clothes

New MUM WITH LONG LASTING M3

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS



How You Can Have WHITER TEETH in 10 days!

Several good toothpastes promise you clean teeth. And they keep that promise, too! But new American-formula NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before... actually makes them whiter, brighter in only 10 days. Nyal Toothpaste gives you the completely clean teeth you expect; gives you a stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly-activated dental detergent which foams instantly, safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.

The smooth texture and clean refreshing peppermint flavour of NYAL Toothpaste makes it the family favourite.

Send **NOW** for this **FREE**
10 day **TRIAL TUBE**

Mail this coupon to-day for a free trial tube of NYAL Toothpaste and prove for yourself that it will make your teeth whiter, brighter in 10 days.

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Mail to Dept. A, Nyal Company, Box 3286, G.P.O., Sydney.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

W.W.

Prompt, natural
laxative
action!



Feel better and brighter to-morrow by ridding yourself of constipation to-night! Be regular and keep regular—**naturally**—by taking NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle family laxative. FIGSEN acts without pain or griping; brings prompt, comfortable relief from constipation.

Try NYAL FIGSEN's new, rich chocolate flavour. Its pleasant taste will please young and old alike! FIGSEN comes in two forms—**Regular** for children and adults; **Double Strength** for those adults who prefer a more positive laxative action. **2/3, 3/6**

Nyal FIGSEN



MATRON SHAW tells how to

"Soothe Baby's tummy"

"Just one teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after feeding quickly soothes baby's tummy—prevents wind-pains and acidity in infants," says MATRON SHAW (late of Crown Street Women's Hospital). "NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits." NYAL Milk of Magnesia is pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Two forms—Sweetened or Regular. 6 oz. **2/6**, 12 oz. **4/3**

Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA



**"How to get a
KWIK tan"**

Get a smooth, healthy suntan the easy way with NYAL KWIK TAN. Kwik Tan enables you to sun-TAN without sunBURN... Apply Kwik Tan (Cream or Sun Oil) before sun-baking and you'll have a rich, burn-free suntan in next-to-no-time. Screens out the sun's burning rays—keeps skin soft, supple.

Cream **3/-, 4/6**
Sun Oil **4/3, 7/6**

Nyal KWIK TAN

"Novel plastic squeeze pack"



Containing NYAL Baby Powder, "CYRIL THE SQUIRREL" is an attractive squeeze-plastic powder dispenser. When squeezed gently, a fine mist of silky-smooth NYAL Baby Powder spreads evenly over the skin. There's no mess, no waste when "Cyril" is used—the powder can't spill. "Cyril" is easily refilled with NYAL Baby Powder. Empty, "Cyril" may be used as a durable nursery or bath toy. **7/6**

"CYRIL the SQUIRREL"



**Soothing Relief for
Tired, Aching Eyes**

Bathe those sore, inflamed, aching eyes with NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Eye Drops. You'll get relief from the burning, itching and smarting in seconds. The modern formula of NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Eye Drops ensures that they blend perfectly with the natural fluids of the eye. Thus they spread evenly; will not "blink" out. You can use NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Eye Drops as often as you like; they make your eyes feel good! Packed in a special dropper-container for your convenience. **4/9**

Nyal

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